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Is Mr. Clarke's translation intended to make one of a series? What is the history of the letters, and what the authority for the statement that they have none of them ever before been published? Who is the French collator, and what discretion, if any, has been exercised in revision or exclusion? Why, again, is a letter to Monsieur l'Abbé Lamennais dated September 1, 1822, in the

French collection, dated October 1 in the English, and another letter to his cousin, Adolphe Trébuchet, altered in date from September 23, 1822, to September 3? On what principle is the order of the correspondence changed, so that every attempt to compare translation with original requires a fresh search?—Which collection is the more complete of the two, since letters present in one seem missing in the other? And are we to infer from the fact that Mr. Clarke has included such unimportant scribbles as the promise of a free pass to the theatre, that he has had access to the complete collection of letters, and has printed everything he could lay hands on?

One would not take the trouble to frame all these questions if the book were not interesting and an excellent translation. Mr. Clarke can have few equals living in the art of rendering idiomatic French, of the light epistolary vein, into idiomatic English. Whether you choose to take the French first and English version afterwards, or to reverse the order, each seems to be the most natural and exact translation of the other. With perhaps the one exception of rendering *fameux* by "famous" (on p. 59), which in the context it hardly means, Mr. Clarke never fails to apprehend by a shade his author's meaning. This is rare enough in a translation to call for unstinted praise.

Victor Hugo was like a great church organ, good for sustained swelling notes, quite unendurable when a note was out of tune, and wholly unfit for the light turns that give charm to letter-writing. His compliments are spun out, and sometimes the thread is coarse. Some of the letters, to an English mind, appear positively fulsome, especially those which conclude with a postscript which aims at some business advantage. It is curious to trace the poet's constantly outcropping appreciation of the value of money and advertisement. Here is an instance:

"We spend our days in going about, and our evenings at the play; we cannot escape this, as we lodge at the house of the director of the theatre. Everything was dear enough when we arrived, and prices are still rising, and will rise still higher. Yesterday lunch and dinner for us four cost 81 francs; an omelette costs 15 francs, a dish of peas 13, five rolls 42 sous," &c., &c.

Victor Hugo was not stingy. He suffered in boyhood from poverty, and knew that to go in debt in France without a good hope of being able to pay brings a man in the eyes of the law to the low level of the swindler. He ruined the two Brussels-Paris booksellers, Verboeckhoven and Lacroix, who founded the International Library. They and Pagnerre got the copyright of the *Misérables* for some enormous sum. The book had a roaring sale, still the money it realised did not anything like pay the publishers. Pagnerre died of grief, and the two Belgians went into the bankruptcy court. The following is lovely for its mixture of motives:

"Keep poor Augustine, my Adèle; you are right, it is doing a kind action in which your good mother at Blois will be glad to join you. Keep this poor orphan: we will take her with us, as she is so devoted and grateful. These

qualities are too rare to go unrewarded. Later on we will arrange matters as best we can. Keep her; but tell her all she owes to you, to make her zealous and careful."

In a letter (p. 224) to Armand Carrel, Victor Hugo appraises himself not unfairly—he was then twenty-nine:

"At the age of twenty I found myself a married man, a father of a family, with no resource but my labour and living from hand to mouth like a workman, while Ferdinand VII. had sequestered and was spending my property. Now, from that time—and the fact is perhaps unusual enough for me to be proud of it—having been obliged to live by my pen and to support my family with it, I have kept it free from all speculative transactions, from all mercantile engagements. I have done literary work more or less well, but never literary speculation. A poor man, I have cultivated art like a rich man, for its own sake, thinking more of the future than of the present. Forced by hard times to make a business of writing, I can truly say that business considerations have never impaired the value of my work."

A good example of his complimentary style is this one to an anonymous critic—V. P.:

"13th Dec., 1826.—It is, doubtless, to you, dear Sir, that I am indebted for the number of the *Feuilleton d'Angers* of the 2nd December, in which the collection of odes and ballads that I have just published is reviewed. . . . I do not thank you because you have praised me. I should care very little, allow me to tell you, for mere praise. What I am grateful for in your article is the ability with which it is written; what pleases, charms, and delights me is the complete revelation in these few lines of a noble heart, a vigorous intelligence, and an elevated mind. . . . I regret that I can only address you by your initials, V. P., they are at the foot of an article which our foremost literary men would be glad to sign; but, whatever it may be, the name which they conceal will not long remain unknown.—Your friend, "VICTOR HUGO."

An intimacy with Victor Pavie sprang up after this, his identity being, naturally, divulged in response to such a flattering appeal. Seven years later Victor Hugo writes to him:

"By the way, there was a very remarkable article the other day in your *Feuilleton d'Angers*, only much too favourable to me, signed E. R. Do you know the author of it? Thank him for me. If I knew where to write I should like to do it myself."

We have quoted these very business-like epistles because Victor Hugo died worth £170,000, and it is interesting to trace the connexion of cause and effect. His letters to Sainte-Beuve are almost all worth reading: friendship, estrangement, reconciliation, and coldness tempered with regret are evolved through a period of eighteen years. With his children he is charming:

"1842.—Thank you, my darling child, for your nice little letter. Alas! I cannot come; I am up to my knees, up to my neck, up to my eyes, and even over head and ears in my second act. Kiss your dear mother for me, and here are three scrawls. Cast lots for them among you four. When I come, I will give a kiss to the one who did not get anything.—Your own Daddy, "V."

And again, after making a diagram of

seven inkspots on the page to represent the Great Bear, he exclaims:

"See, my child, how great God is, and how small we are; where we put dots of ink He puts suns. These are the letters with which He writes. The sky is His book. I shall bless God, my Didine, if you are always able to read it, as I hope you may."

It is cruel to translate the boy husband's letters into English (pp. 47-73). Neither our nature nor our language allows perspective enough to read them properly. They were quite in character for him—so young, a Frenchman, a poet, a lover—to write. But printed they make cold English people laugh at a great name.

A great many letters in this collection are trivial, and some were written when his pen was unpractised and he was still feeling his way. They show us a man who had the power of auto-suggestion in a remarkable degree, and could persuade himself to believe anything that chimed in with his notion of what was picturesque or with his interests. They give us glimpses, too, of the fight which Victor Hugo headed against the fastidious classical school modelled on the Greek and Latin authors. He and his disciples went in for choosing words that answered in literature to striking colour and light and shade in painting. The word might be in itself ugly or gnarled or crabbed, but if it helped to convey the impression, it was all right. Vacquerie, the beloved disciple of the master, went so far as to bring into a verse that the "H" of Hugo's name formed the towers of Notre Dame, which resembled that capital letter. In his letters Victor Hugo is not quite at his best, though better than in his prose. As a lyrical poet he has no peer in French literature. There is a music in his phrase that no other writer has touched. He is the Beethoven of lyrists, and in verse never commonplace. In verse also he is less addicted to rodomontade than in prose, in which too often Hugo becomes Hugotique.

Still, the second volume of this correspondence will be eagerly expected, and we shall be justly disappointed if Mr. Clarke does not, in a preface, give us the answers to all these questions which vex us in reading the first.

A BY-WAY HISTORIAN.

Eighteenth Century Vignettes. Third Series.
By Austin Dobson. (Chatto & Windus.)

OF the making of books, we have it on authority, there is no end. But on the other hand, we may affirm equally positively, there is most certainly an end of the reading of them. Of how many of the favourites of previous generations, either of the books or their writers, may we not say—are we not obliged to say: They are with the snows of yesteryear? And yet there was always something in them, else they would not have been favourites, that was permanently human and worth registering. To all such material the essayist comes, as the miner to the unpromising ore. To the Austin Dobson of the twentieth century, what a mass of material some of our popular

favourites of to-day will provide, for touches and hints and instances of the life of the nineteenth century, and for vignettes of persons celebrated in their day, and in many respects not uninteresting, original even, in themselves. Meanwhile the Dobson of to-day has his eighteenth century to delve in, and from it he extracts by his art yet more and more matter of interest to ourselves. Not all Mr. Dobson's subjects are permanently dead; for he wisely keeps his modern reader's interest by introducing him to fresh aspects of persons of whose names he is already aware, such as Garrick, or Fielding, or Prior. But others, like Dr. Mead, Thomas Gent, printer, Cambridge, "the Everything," Puckle, may be said to exist not at all except in the extraction of their quintessence by Mr. Dobson, and workers in the same field. This is the valuable function of the essayist, and there is no one who excels Mr. Austin Dobson in the art of bringing out the permanent interest still surviving in such by-gone men and things. His third series of *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* displays the same nicety of observation, and the same happy power of preserving what is valuable for us in the people and literature and places of his period, that characterise his previous volumes. He is not concerned with history, nor with politics, economics, or social philosophy in the broader lines; but with the filling up of details, the narrating of incidents, the amplification of neglected and unimportant facts. As he says in his little epilogue:

"My aim
Is modest. This is all I claim:
To paint a part and not the whole,
The trappings rather than the soul."

The advantage of this kind of writing is that it is always fresh. Few of us know much, for instance, about Puckle's "Club," that curious "dialogue between Father and Son," which had such a vogue in the first half of the last century. But fewer still are aware that its writer, about whom so little was known in 1817 that an *édition de luxe* of his *magnum opus* had to be brought out without the intended "Sketch of the author's life" for want of information, in spite of "every source having been searched," was also the inventor, before his time, of what reads like the prototype of the Maxim or Nordenfeldt gun. We are just reintroducing the motor-car, which came in and died out in the thirties; and now Mr. Dobson reminds us that this now obscure and forgotten author of 1711 had anticipated our most deadly modern ordnance.

Mr. Dobson's essay on Puckle is altogether a very curious and interesting "vignette," and it is a good instance of his capacity for "extracting the quintessence" of a subject which in the original could not possibly live. The same observation applies to the delightful and rather pathetic portrait he gives of Gent, the printer; and to his carefully drawn picture of Richard Owen Cambridge, called by Horace Walpole "the Everything"—the friend of Chesterfield and Johnson; author of a once commended mock-heroic poem; a valued contributor to Dodsley's society paper; wit and man of the world. The defence of Fielding's reputa-

tion, based upon his library, is another good instance of Mr. Dobson's value, as one who knows his eighteenth century all through. Here it was Thackeray who sneered at Fielding's "brag of his twopenny learning," and Mr. Dobson's vindication is neatly hung upon the unexpected discovery of a catalogue of Fielding's library, found by him in a newspaper of 1755; his conclusion being that "the evidence for his learning is a hundred times better than most of that which for years past has been industriously brought forward in regard to some of the less worshipful incidents of his career." As a student of the books, and particularly of the curious and out-of-the-way books, of his period, Mr. Dobson's power of connecting one fact with others, and linking them so as to unravel a mystery or point a new conclusion, is especially valuable; and it is this which makes his essays on "Dr. Mead's Library," "The Officina Arbuteana" (Walpole's experiment as a printer), or Grosley's "Londres" such delightful reading. In dealing with persons, the poet of *Old World Idylls* is no less in his element, and his narration of "the adventures of five days" of Tothall, Scott, Hogarth, Thornhill, and Forrest in 1732, or of the story of that clever lady Mary Lepel, becomes in his hands the very nucleus of a novel. Needless to say that half the charm, though it is of the sort that is artfully unobtruded, comes from Mr. Dobson's own manner, than which nothing could be more adapted for the perfect setting of the material with which he deals—a combination of rare knowledge, an exquisitely light and humorous touch, and absolute sympathy. On p. 85 there is a piece of bad grammar, "the moneyed and estimable Mr. Ledger, whom [*sic*] she asserts is" &c.—but that, of course, is simply a misprint.

LORD BLACHFORD'S LETTERS.

Letters of Frederic, Lord Blachford; Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1860-71. Edited by George Eden Marindin. (John Murray.)

LORD BLACHFORD'S letters form a perfectly delightful volume. It is long since a book of equal interest appeared, whether in matter or manner. Mr. Marindin has done his work with rare discretion and tact. His object, he says, has been to avoid writing a biography, and he has simply supplied—generally from autobiographical notes left by Lord Blachford—a connecting thread explanatory of the circumstances under which the letters were written. The result is a real "speaking likeness" of the man himself, as eloquent as the admirable portrait, after Richmond, which is prefixed to the volume. A reader closes the book feeling that every word was worth reading, and that he has been inside the mind of a typical "scholar and gentleman," one who lived in the company of the keenest English intellects of the century, and took a leading part in the making of history during perhaps the most critical period through which our Colonial Empire has passed.

Frederic Rogers was born in 1811; his father, then in the Audit Office, being a

younger brother, and eventually the successor, of Sir John Rogers, Bart., of Blachford, in South Devon. He was, therefore, only a year or so younger than Mr. Gladstone, whose contemporary he was at Eton and Oxford, and to whose rapid rise in political power Rogers owed his own position in the public service. He went up to Oriel with a reputation for ability, and was specially allotted as a pupil to Newman, then at the spring of his powers as a stimulating and elevating tutor. The attraction was mutual; and the affection between the two men immediately passed beyond merely scholastic limits. On what was to be his death-bed, Newman, who survived Lord Blachford by a year, said that "of all his friends Lord Blachford was the most gifted, the most talented, and of the most wonderful grasp of mind," and that of all the intimacies he had formed in his Oxford life, "none had approached his intimacy" with him. On Blachford's side there is a very touching and beautiful letter (p. 111), written when he and Newman definitely parted company in religion, testifying to his own obligations. And though they differed so vitally at that crisis, their affection remained unaltered to the end. Some of the most interesting of these letters are those written to Newman; and they are an important contribution to the record of Newman's friendships. More we should have had if it had not been for the unfortunate loss of a box of papers on the South-Western Railway last year, when it was being sent to the editor from Devonshire. The earlier part of this volume in particular is mainly composed of the letters of Rogers to Newman from abroad. At Oxford he did very brilliantly, winning the Craven, and taking a double First—the only one of his year—in 1832; a fellowship at Oriel following next year, and the Vinerian scholarship in law in 1834. Until 1841 he was in residence at Oriel, taking pupils, and during this time his confidential intimacy with Newman, and with Church and Keble, developed. Into the great movement for lifting the level of the English Church and clergy he entered heart and soul, but always as a convinced and steadfast Anglican. A visit to Italy in 1840 set him against Rome and all that was Roman; so much so that Newman seems to have been somewhat sharp in protesting against his prejudice, and to have spoken of him as "disqualified to be a witness of facts against her." While he was in Italy the Tractarian storm broke. "We hear terrible rumours," he writes in 1841, "about what is going on in Oxford—Stanley with active curiosity; Smith, of Trinity, with distress; Hope with a manly anxiety; and I with a stomach-ache." When he returned he found himself at variance with Newman, and with Pusey and Keble; Church and Mozley remaining in close agreement with him. He left Oxford and came to London to read law and write "leaders" for the *Times*.

Here his public life began. After a couple of years of constant leader-writing for the *Times* (which he converted from "the Thunderer" to something more subtly argumentative and satirical), the eye of Mr. Gladstone—which has always been

that of an eagle for efficient public servants—fell upon the young Oxford don, and in 1844 he was pitch-forked (most advantageously) into the newly created berth of Registrar of Joint Stock Companies. Two years later the same statesman put him into the Colonial Office as Assistant Under-Secretary and Emigration Commissioner; and then began a career of Colonial administration, uninterrupted, save by an abortive attempt on Lord Grey's part to transfer him to Malta on the ground that he showed "no aptitude for dealing with large masses of business," until he retired from the service in 1871. In 1860 he became Permanent Under-Secretary. Perhaps nobody has yet done public justice to Rogers for his work at the Colonial Office, where his was the guiding mind behind successive Governments. That was the "cut-the-painter" era. The Colonial Office was in an attitude of apology for its own existence, and simply looked to make the transition to colonial independence as little troublesome as possible. "What we are all, I suppose, looking to," writes Rogers in 1854—"is the eventual parting company on good terms." And again in 1871: "The function of the Colonial Office is to secure that our connexion, while it lasts, shall be as profitable to both parties, and our separation, when it comes, as amicable as possible." In 1864 he told Florence Nightingale, who was pressing for a prohibition of liquor-selling to the aborigines, "I am not aware, at the present moment, of any colony in which a movement from the Colonial Office would be likely to do any good." This, remember, was not a policy of his making; it was the accepted doctrine. And what, in fact, Rogers did, and what his memory cannot now be sufficiently thanked for, was to administer the Office so courteously and justly, with such consideration for the rights and feelings of all parties, that the separation which then seemed inevitable now seems not merely uncalled for, but positively needless and absurd. Frederic Rogers was a "gentleman" in his right place, and his intelligence, tact, and statesmanship saved our Colonial Empire in this critical period. Instances of his value occur frequently in this volume; and although we have only his letters, and not those of his correspondents, there is but one impression possible. In 1871 he retired, was made a Peer by Mr. Gladstone, and gradually gave up London and politics for cabbages and the country. He was never a party politician, though by taste and connexion a Liberal of the old gentlemanly school. He was always afraid of Mr. Gladstone's truckling to the mob, and he would have nothing to say to Home Rule. He died in 1889, the last letter published being written to Mr. Gladstone when he knew that the end was near.

This volume includes sketches of nearly all the principal men of the day, and occasional revelations of the most interesting character of things behind the scenes in the writer's own department. Rogers's account of his mission to Paris, to settle a treaty on the Coolie question, is full of capital descriptions; and he seems to have had a special faculty for narrating his own experiences at important functions,

and hitting off in a few words the individualities of prominent statesmen whom he met. Here is an interesting estimate of Mr. Gladstone in 1853:

"I expect he will show the best side of himself as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pursuing details is so much his power, if only he is not run away with by it. I think, if it be not a paradox, he has not poetry enough for the formation of a first-rate judgment. He has an immense mass of knowledge, most methodically arranged, but the separate items must be looked for in their respective boxes, and do not float about and combine. The consequence is, not merely want of play, but that crotchety, one-sided, narrowish mode of viewing a matter uncorrected by the necessary comparisons and considerations, which people call ingenious and subtle and Gladstonian."

We had marked several of the anecdotes, which abound, for quotation, but must be content with two. The following is a story of Lord Salisbury's "about the Duke of Malakhoff and his pheasant":

"Malakhoff was at a battue at Strathfieldsaye, and shot nothing, much to his disgust; and when the day was over it appeared that he would be extremely put out unless he was allowed or enabled to kill something. So, in spite of all the gamekeeper could think, feel, or say, a pheasant was procured, tied by its leg to the top of a post, and Malakhoff was put some thirty yards off with a double-barrelled gun. It was supposed that he would thereupon and from thence take two shots at the bird. Not a bit of it: he loaded both barrels, walked close up to the pheasant, put the muzzle close to him, and discharged both barrels into him, with 'Hé! coquin.' The next day the Duke of Wellington told the keeper that Malakhoff was a great man who had smoked to death 500 Arab men, women, and children in a cave; to which the gamekeeper replied, 'Like enough, your Grace; he'd be capable of anything.'"

The second introduces a prescription for mistresses of households:

"Mrs. —'s relations with her maids are rich. She was describing one who was a breaker of china. At last she broke three things in one day. So I said to her, 'You are ill, Jane; you want some castor-oil.' The maid stared and was astonished. 'Your hand shakes; you want some castor-oil, Jane.' The maid took it as a joke and grinned. But when bedtime came, the upper maid was duly summoned. 'Jane is ill, and wants some castor-oil; come with me and I will give it out for her.' . . . Mrs. — appeared at the bedside with a quite inflexible determination, explained that Jane was ill and did want castor-oil, and must take it. She did take it, and no further breakage occurred from that time to—I don't know when."

Let it not be forgotten, to end this notice of Lord Blachford's life, that it was he who, with Church and Mozley, started the *Guardian* in 1846. Little did they think, when they set their amateur hands to the work, that their enterprise would grow into the most successful Church organ of the time. It was the experience gained by Rogers on the *Times* which probably made the new paper "go." Even in his old age Lord Blachford did reviews for the paper, and his judgment on literary matters and of literary men was sound.

A SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE.

The Memoirs of Baron Thiébault. Translated and Condensed by Arthur John Butler. In 2 vols. With Portraits. (London: Smith, Elder & Co.)

"PEOPLE will never be tired," says Thiébault, in words which Mr. Butler has chosen for the epigraph of these handsome volumes, "of reading memoirs of the Revolution and the Empire." Perhaps it is natural that an actor in those stirring times should a little magnify his office, and it must be confessed that few modern readers have stomach for the prodigious flood of Napoleonic literature which the lapse of a century has let loose. But if all the memoirs of Napoleon and his circle were as good as these of Thiébault, life would give few things better than to lie on a sofa and read them to all eternity—as Gray said of Crébillon's novels. Dieudonné Adrian Paul Francis Charles Henry Thiébault—that was his noble name—was that rare thing among the soldiers who fought at Marengo and Austerlitz—a scholar and a gentleman: a French gentleman, indeed, with plenty of that taste for "gabbing," or boasting, which the Normans brought into France, as some believe, and which has impressed itself on the national character ever since. To do Thiébault justice, he "gabs" as modestly as possible, and never lays on the colours with too lavish a hand when his own exploits are in question. Still, he says enough to show us that he was "a very devil of a fellow" when any reasonable chance of getting himself killed or badly injured presented itself. He fought his first duel at fourteen, by which age, he quietly tells us, "I had run the risk of being drowned, having my brains beaten out, being blinded, struck by lightning, killed in a duel, squashed under a cart, strangled, poisoned, burnt alive, eaten." Two or three years later we find him engaged in an amiable competition with two friends as to which could go nearest to the moving sails of a windmill.

"At last," he says, "one of them passed three inches from me, and without considering that rain, sun, and wind would make the wood of the sails warp very unequally, and that, consequently, it was impossible that they should follow each other in a line, I judged that I could advance another two inches, and did so. I had hardly completed the movement when the next sail took me under the left elbow, lifted me like a feather, and flung me twenty feet away."

He walked along the ridge-pole of a lofty barn one day to impress a comrade, lost his footing, and fell neither on the stone pavement nor into a heap of quicklime just beneath him, but on the narrow bank of sand surrounding the latter, which saved his life or his eyes. He followed a soldier who rode along the top of an eighteen-inch wall on a trained pony, and although his half-broken troop-horse ought to have dislocated his neck, he got across safely. Swift has said, very unjustly, that "soldiers cannot write": he would certainly have modified his opinion if he could have read the vivacious pages in which Thiébault has chronicled the thousand hairbreadth escapes

by flood and field through which his pluck and headstrong spirit led him.

Thiébault's Memoirs are full of good reading. In actual quantity and quality of adventure, perhaps, they scarcely come up to those of Marbot, which Mr. Butler has already prepared for English readers with an equally skilful pen and scissors. But the man whom they reveal to us is a pleasanter acquaintance, his style is much more accomplished, and the value of the book to the historical student is far greater. Mr. Butler ventures the assertion that

"of the crop of previously unpublished memoirs which the recent Napoleonic 'boom' (if so colloquial a term may be allowed) has brought to light, none has been equal in value to that of which a sample—for it is really little more—is here offered to English readers."

In this one would be inclined to agree with him. Thiébault is more trustworthy than Barras, more solid than Marbot, more original than Ménéval: none of these comparisons, perhaps, is very complimentary to him, but he deserves the high praise which can be given to an honest, cultivated, and clear-sighted man, who had good opportunities of watching most events and persons of the Empire, could sift the essential from the accidental, and spoke his mind without fear or favour. He was a disappointed man, indeed, which may have supplied the aquafortis for biting in some of his etchings of character: but he was too much of a gentleman to allow his prejudices seriously to interfere with his statement of what seemed to him to be the truth. His admiration for one side of Napoleon's character is counterbalanced by his detestation for the other, and the consequence is that he gives us perhaps the truest picture of the Corsican wonder that any single contemporary has left. One of his first interviews with Napoleon was a few days after the Whiff of Grapeshot, at the office of the General Staff.

"I can still see his little hat, surmounted by a chance plume badly fastened on, his tricolour sash more than carelessly tied, his coat cut anyhow, and a sword which, in truth, did not seem the sort of weapon to make his fortune. . . . Some of his questions showed such a complete ignorance of some of the most ordinary things that several of my comrades smiled. I was myself struck by the number of his questions, their order, and their rapidity; no less than by the way in which the answers were caught up, and often found to resolve other questions, which he deduced as consequences from them. But what struck me still more was the sight of a commander-in-chief perfectly indifferent about showing his subordinates how completely ignorant he was of various points of the business which the junior of them was supposed to know perfectly, and this raised him a hundred cubits in my eyes."

This was the Napoleon whose star was in the ascendant, and who was able to say: "A nation is always what you have the wit to make it. . . . No people is bad under a good government, just as no troops are bad under good generals." Thiébault saw him again before Waterloo, when the brilliant star was on the verge of extinction, and has left a terrible and affecting picture of the scene.

"Never has the impression which the sight of him made upon me at the moment when destiny was about to pronounce between the world and him ceased to be present to me; his look, once so formidable and piercing, had lost its strength and even its steadiness; his face, which I had often seen, now beaming with kindness, now moulded in bronze, had lost all expression and all its forcible character; his mouth, compressed, contained none of its ancient witchery; his very head no longer had the pose which used to characterise the conqueror of the world; and his gait was as perplexed as his demeanour and gestures were undecided. Everything about him seemed to have lost its nature and to be broken up; the ordinary pallor of his skin was replaced by a strongly pronounced greenish tinge which struck me."

The final impression left on one's mind by the Memoirs of Thiébault, which show to advantage in Mr. Butler's English dress, is that they are the work of a man of strong and honest character, whose word may be taken as safely as that of Barras may be disregarded without corroboration.

THE ARTIST AS THIEF.

A Book of Scoundrels. By Charles Whibley. (W. Heinemann.)

MR. WHIBLEY'S subjects are thirteen of the most famous highwaymen, cutpurses, pickpockets, and receivers of stolen goods that this happy country has produced, three French malefactors, and a Newgate parson, as unedifying a personage as any of his flock. The vein in which he has found for them a place in literature—some, it is true, had their place there already—is one partly of irony, and partly, as we take him, of absolute seriousness. His theme is the artist as thief. It is true that the human qualities of his subjects—their characters, that is to say, as exhibited outside their professional activity—attract him from time to time: he lingers over an amour here, and there over a political enthusiasm. But in the main, he is concerned to exhibit their proper qualities (and the artistic application of them) *quâd* thieves. He claims for them consideration as artists. We take it that he does this seriously; and in doing it he postulates, which is too rare a quality in English criticism, clearness of thought, capacity to distinguish between qualities. The thief is an immoral or an anti-social person, of course, but that does not prevent him, if he uses the right means to his ends, and uses them cleverly, from being an artist. Such a point ought to be obvious, but it is clearly not so to the average critic; and it is well that somebody, as Mr. Whibley, from time to time should insist on it. He does so very happily in the course of his introduction.

"The moralist," he says, "would test the thief by his own narrow standard, forgetting that all professions are not restrained by the same code. The road has its principles as well as the lecture-room; and if the thief is commonly a bad moralist, it is certain that no moralist was ever a great thief."

That is a serious point, but Mr. Whibley uses also the ironical method and uses it very well. He writes in a strain of grave hyperbole, very cleverly sustained. He does

not, however, sacrifice truth to his manner, as Fielding sacrificed it in his inimitable *Jonathan Wild*. He keeps closely to his facts as given by the best tradition. And what facts they are! What dash and what humanity are exhibited to us, what a splendid reeking body of low life! He begins with Captain Hind, the highwayman of the Commonwealth, and by far the bravest and most romantic figure of them all. Romance, when you learn the true truth, is a somewhat rare quality in these histories; it disappears before humanity. (Mr. Whibley, by the way, has been impelled by truth to drive away one of the most popular of all illusions, the romance of Dick Turpin, who, it seems, was a sorry knave enough, nor ever rode from London to York.) Moll Cutpurse is perhaps the finest figure he has to show—the “roaring girl,” the great avenger of the inequalities of sex. But not one is uninteresting, from the polished Deacon Brodie, whose housebreaking was simply a game, to the ghastly, monstrous, matricidal Gilderoy, the terror of Scotland. In five instances Mr. Whibley has adopted the Plutarchian parallel, and contrasts two of his subjects to great edification. We have but three criticisms in any way adverse to suggest. The sketches are collected after separate publication, and that has involved, we think, too great a tendency to the reiteration of first principles. A second is, that we should have liked the soliloquy of Ellen Roach concerning “Sixteen-String Jack” to be more “in character,” less literary. A third is, that once or twice the use of thieves’ slang is a trifle too constant. For example, about the rise of pickpocketing, Mr. Whibley writes:

“The file was always accompanied by a bulk, whose duty it was to jostle and distract the victim while his pockets were rifled. The bung, or what not, was rapidly passed on to the attendant rub, who scurried off before the cry of *Stop thief!* could be raised.”

There the slang is somewhat condensed. As a rule, however, Mr. Whibley uses it with the most artistic effect, giving an added life and colour to his pages. This is a notable book, and while its style and piquancy of contrast should please the cultivated, the interest of its subject should attract everybody.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

Grover Cleveland. By James Lowry Whittle. With Two Portraits. (Bliss, Sands, & Foster.)

MR. WHITTLE, we gather, is not a thorough-going admirer either of American people and American institutions in general, or of the Democratic party and the present Democratic President in particular. His manner towards both the United States and President Cleveland has a sub-acidity, which is none the less obvious because his criticisms are quite outspoken and his impressions candidly hostile. But it is not Mr. Whittle’s own opinions that, on the whole, make us call this a rather disappointing monograph. In the art of biography, and specially of the biography of living men, an intimate acquaintance is

required, and a personal sympathy, which perhaps cannot be had without also a desire to praise and hero-worship at the same time. A picture of Mr. Cleveland by a worshipper would be just as prejudiced, but it would explain the man’s position in American public life better than Mr. Whittle’s distinctly antipathetic study. The result is, that in Mr. Whittle’s book we have really very little about Mr. Cleveland, and a great deal about the history of the United States during his Presidencies. Very valuable and ably written this history is; only it is what every well-informed newspaper reader knows to what is probably a sufficient extent. What we do not know, and what we should have liked to learn, is more about Mr. Cleveland’s personality, and the details on this head are decidedly meagre.

Stephen Grover Cleveland was born in the year of Her Majesty’s accession, 1837. His father was a Presbyterian minister in Fayetteville, N.Y. His mother was the daughter of an Irishman, and the grand-daughter, on the mother’s side, of a German. From this source, perhaps, comes that very Germanic cast of countenance which President Cleveland has inherited. He was one of a family of nine, and his youth was that of most American lads of respectable but poor parentage. He was taught at the village school, and at the age of fourteen gained employment at the village shop. Two years later his father’s death threw him on the world. An elder brother was a teacher at the New York Institution for the Blind, and obtained for young Grover a post there as clerk and book-keeper, which was a rise from the fifty dollars a year he earned as village salesman. But at that time, 1855, the West was the attraction for every healthy and active Eastern boy with no prospects, and young Cleveland was caught by the fever. He started, meaning to make for his namesake, Cleveland, the rising town on the shore of Lake Erie. The fitness of things, however, would not have tolerated a Cleveland of Cleveland; and when the lad reached Buffalo, further east on the lake, he found relations there, and an uncle in the law, who made work for him, and he stayed. He stayed for nearly twenty years, and made his fortune. He was called to the Bar, became an official in 1863, Sheriff in 1870, Mayor in 1881; and then we come to the public records of his first Presidency in 1884, defeat in 1888, and re-election in 1892. He was married in 1886 to Miss Folsom, then just twenty-two, a clever girl, whose portrait prefixed to this volume reveals a charming personality.

An almost aggressive sense of rectitude, an immense power of work, an imperious hostility to partisanship—these are President Cleveland’s virtues, as gleaned from Mr. Whittle’s pages. A redeeming vice would be almost welcome, so reticent is the biographer on the personal side. But Mr. Whittle treats the President rigidly as a politician. His summary and criticism of recent American politics is remarkably able and well written, and on its own account entirely to be commended.

A BLOCKADE RUNNER.

Running the Blockade: a Personal Narrative of Adventures, Risks, and Escapes during the Civil War. By Thomas E. Taylor. (John Murray.)

BLOCKADE-RUNNING, stripped of romance, is nothing more than the effort of trade to recoup itself for otherwise inevitable loss caused by warfare; but it is impossible to lose sight of the strategic aspect of the business, even though Mr. Julian Corbett’s able essay did not preface this most exciting and graphic story of the enterprise of a single Liverpool firm.

When the American Civil War broke out the author of this book was serving as a clerk in the house of some Liverpool merchants. The declaration by the Federals that the ports of the South were blockaded struck a blow at the shipping industry which was unparalleled in the magnitude of its effects: trade with the Southern States, which supplied the bulk of the cotton sent to England, was paralysed, and the results threatened ruin to an enormous industry. The merchants of Liverpool, ignoring the Royal Proclamation which called upon loyal subjects to respect the blockade, rose to the occasion and set about repairing their losses by endeavours to furnish the blockaded with food and munitions of war.

Mr. Taylor’s firm was early in the field, and at the age of twenty-one the author was abruptly transferred from his desk to the responsible position of supercargo, with headquarters at Nassau. A glance at the map shows the geographical advantages this port offered as a base of operations; these were quickly realised by owners of blockade-runners, and the place soon became a “notorious nest of offence” from the Northerners’ point of view. After nearly a year’s delay, due to the utter unsuitability of his first vessel for the dangerous task, Mr. Taylor found himself in possession of the *Banshee*, a steel paddle-wheel steamer of 217 tons register, which had been built expressly for the work. The *Banshee* was not everything that could be wished in point of speed; but Mr. Taylor was not a man to be daunted by trifles, and lost no time in getting her “dressed” and laden for a run. “Dressing” was a very important business; Wilmington, the port it was proposed to attempt, was closely invested by the Federal fleet, and no fewer than three cordons of war-vessels had to be eluded. The runs were made on moonless nights, and to escape detection the boat was painted a dull white, which rendered her invisible at a cable’s length; all top hamper was brought down, and the ship, when ready, was stripped to her lower masts, careful commanders made their crews dress in white at night, and all lights, even to cigars, were strictly forbidden. To such an extent was the latter principle carried that the binnacle was covered over and the steersman had to hold his course as best he could through a funnel which was carried up to the level of his eye as he stood at the wheel. Mr. Taylor was, as a rule, fortunate in his captains and crews. The *Banshee* made no fewer than eight suc-

cessful trips to Wilmington, frequently running in under heavy fire and closely pursued. She was captured on her ninth venture, but even when the loss of vessel and cargo had been written off her owners could solace themselves with a return of 700 per cent. on their outlay. The profits made by successful trips were enormous; on one run in and out again, occupying twenty days, the net proceeds amounted to over £85,000!

Mr. Taylor's pages bristle with exciting incidents and marvellous escapes. On one trip back to Nassau the vessel was chased for fifteen hours and only escaped by throwing over her deck cargo and burning her spars, bulwarks, and fittings when the coal was exhausted. Another time his vessel was actually boarded by the Northerners; and he and the crew had surrendered and the vessel herself had been set on fire, when a sharp-witted Irishman shouted that the hold was full of powder—a ruse which caused a panic and sent the captors pell-mell overside into their boats. On a third trip they nearly came to grief in a singular fashion. Mr. Taylor had on board an Arab horse which had been sent from Egypt as a present to Jefferson Davis. The animal, no doubt smelling land, began to neigh when the vessel was in the midst of the blockading squadron, and naturally drew upon her a tremendous fire and prompt pursuit. It was poetic justice that made the horse the instrument of delivering the vessel from fifty days' detention in quarantine when she reached her destination, as she did, in safety.

It is impossible, in limited space, even to outline the countless risks and adventures of which Mr. Taylor has to tell. We take leave of him with a deep sense of gratitude for his wholly delightful and entertaining book.

Among the Untrodden Ways. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell.) (Blackwood.)

MRS. BLUNDELL challenges criticism with her brave Wordsworthian title. And the challenge is honourably sustained, for these half-dozen studies and stories of the Lancastrian peasantry have caught something of the Wordsworthian "still, sad music of humanity," of the underlying pathos and beauty which belong to the lives of those who go forth to labour in the fields. Many of us habitually think of Lancashire as only an ungainly extension of Manchester and Liverpool. To such it may come as a surprise that the old county still has fields to be laboured in, and a race of tillers in whom, even so near the hum of the spinning-jenny, much of the old rural life and much of the old feudal spirit survive. Nevertheless, it is so, and Mrs. Blundell is one who knows and loves them through and through, those dwellers in the remote valleys, with their slow, quaint speech, their cumbrous gait, and inarticulate courtships, and the wealth of simple virtues, deep emotions, and rare fidelities which lies at the very bottom of their souls. Probably there is another side to the picture, but the study of squalor and bestiality, the analysis

of sordid and brutalised lives, is no part of Mrs. Blundell's scheme. Her inspiration is frankly idyllic: her peasants are in keeping with her landscape, with the yellow daffodils of spring and the dew on the morning pastures. There is theft and drunkenness in the village, just as there are dung-carts; but they are not thrust, more than need be, into the foreground. "The first conscious sensation of the peasant-babe," says Mrs. Blundell, "is that of rolling on the sunny sod, the smell of the crushed herbage in his nostrils, his tiny fingers clutching at clover blooms. . . . The seasons come and go, and the man's back grows rounder, and his limbs stiffen. Nearer and nearer the earth stoops he, and at last she clasps him to her bosom. He has laboured all his days for hire: now he shall possess land of his own. Early and late has he toiled, hard and long; now he may fold his hands and rest. O, ye visionary reformers, behold the realisation of your dreams! behold in this lord absolute of six feet of soil your peasant proprietor! Here, even here, in this city of the dead, he has found Utopia!" Well, there is a truth in this way of looking at things not less profitable, and certainly more pleasant to contemplate, than the Zolaesque; and one is grateful to so picturesque and sympathetic an expounder of it as Mrs. Blundell. She has put some of the best writing she has done into these stories. Village tales are often as discursive and as careless of the unities as village gossip itself. Mrs. Blundell has brought them to a higher plane of art. Her themes are handled with a rare felicity and restraint. All the characters are essential; every touch of description, every bit of admirable dialogue is made to tell. The finest thing in the book seems to us to be "Th' Ploughing o' th' Sunny Fields." It is the story of an old farmer who died in his fields at the end of his last perfect furrow. And it is so admirable both in conception and in execution, so finely observed, and so truly felt, so human in its "sense of tears in mortal things," that we do not hesitate to call it a masterpiece.

Orgeas and Miradou. By F. Wedmore. (James Bowden.)

It is the manner of Mr. Frederick Wedmore to select his material among the trivial and the commonplace, and to trick it forth in the delicate attire of a chastened literary style. *Orgeas and Miradou*, his latest work, shows no change in manner, and, we hasten to add, no deterioration in style. The sketch which gives the title to the book—there are three in all—is the story of a Provence workman whose daughter dies. For nine days after her burial he waits in the certain hope of her return. "He sat brooding, waiting. She must come before the sunset of that ninth, decisive day. Yes, it would have to be before the sunset. Sunset fixed it. That he knew." The end is told with rare simplicity:

"It was getting darker now. It was much, much darker. Was there any colour in the flowers? And Miradou's print gown, that hung on a peg by the window—it was the child's red gown, remember. What was the colour of

Miradou's red gown? Had the curtain any colour?"

"The Poet on the Wolds," with which the tiny volume concludes, is merely a series of notes upon men and things seen at a country house, and seems to aim at the expression of something which the writer fails to convey to the reader. But the main interest of the book centres in "To Nancy." It is a pathetic, human little story, told almost entirely in letters of a great painter to a girl just making her name on the variety stage, and becoming inevitably spoilt in the process. The artist fears the deterioration—sees it—and strives to protect her from it, inferring, artist-like, beauty of soul from physical charm.

Mr. Wedmore has tenderness, strength, and a style in which a certain distinguished simplicity is the chief note. A prolonged reading of Mr. Wedmore, however, will disclose the fact that his simplicity is the result of elaboration. He has wonderful art; but just falls short of the perfect concealment of his art.

At Random. By L. F. Austin. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

At Random is a collection of sketches, essays and occasional papers strung together upon no other thread than the author's own personality. In many cases the republication of such ephemeral fantasies is annoying to the reader and disastrous to the writer. The exception is when the writer has a personality which in itself can interest the reader. Mr. Austin certainly has a personality of his own. To him the world is no mere place wherein one rises, shaves, bathes, dresses, eats, does one's business, pays one's taxes, and goes to bed. It is a place of grotesque incident and quaint humour. For Mr. Austin has his corner whence he may view the world, not, as it were, directly, but askew. And the effect, though imposing a certain strain on the mental eye, is nevertheless infinitely diverting. As an example, we may suggest the trifle "On A Certain Notable Fire," wherein the writer views the world from his club window while the upper chamber is ablaze, and the expectant printer's devil forsakes his post for his native element. Or take the description—in "The London Gondolier"—of an omnibus as "the moving sarcophagus which lurches down Regent-street, exhaling mortuary odours, and dropping bodies which stagger about for awhile before they recover life and animation." Here you have an excellent instance of the fancy—sometimes, perhaps, a rather morbid fancy—with which Mr. Austin decks the commonplaces of life.

But now and again Mr. Austin, playing at random, touches a note of pathos, as in his recommendation of the "elixir of tears" as a specific against growing old. Spend half an hour every morning in bed recalling the sorrows of your childhood, and the ineffectual tears you shed in sundry predicaments. "When those tears bubble up again they make a perfect bath of youthful vigour." For the surest safeguard against old age is the faculty of reviving boyhood at will.

POETRY.

Poems. By John Davidson. (John Lane.)

MR. DAVIDSON commands a harp certainly, and it has strings of sweetness, poignant and alluring. But we think of him rather among ringing and clanging things. His words are an armoury. They strike true and they echo clear. They are bright as steel and clear as air—the air of a sharp wind. The time is ripe for a poet with these properties, especially when, as in Mr. Davidson's case, they are supplemented by sympathies with the factory and the field, with labour and with the lightening of its load on the backs that break under it. Akin to Mr. William Morris in many sentiments as we are sure he is, Mr. Davidson has proved himself to be more at home as the Laureate of Labour. He is the Mr. Walter Crane of verse, with all the greater intensities and capacities that the medium of literature implies. He is so, at any rate, in such a poem as that from which we quote three verses out of six:

"PIPER, PLAY!"

"Now the furnaces are out,
And the aching anvils sleep;
Down the road the grimy rout
Tramples homeward twenty deep.
Piper, play! Piper, play!
Though we be o'erlaboured men,
Pipe for rest, pipe your best,
Let us foot it once again!"

"Bridled looms delay their din;
All the humming wheels are spent;
Busy spindles cease to spin;
Warp and woof must rest content.
Piper, play! Piper, play!
For a little we are free!
Foot it, girls, and shake your curls,
Haggard creatures though we be!"

"We are of the humblest grade;
Yet we dare to dance our fill:
Male and female were we made—
Fathers, mothers, lovers still!
Piper—softly; low and soft;
Pipe of love in mellow notes,
Till the tears begin to flow,
And our hearts are in our throats."

It is not realism in the common sense—the pipe of Demos is of other make than this, and his dance may be a reel. But at heart, if not in accident, it is truth for all that, and it is truth made finer by the poet's sympathy.

Mr. Davidson can, at need, be as actual in detail as anybody, and more so than some readers relish; but we, for our part, do not feel him to be less of a poet when he sings of "A Northern Suburb" even, where

"Roused by the fee'd policeman's knock,
And sad that day should come again,
Under the stars the workmen flock
In haste to reach the workman's train."

And you have nothing of piping idealism in such lines as those in "A Woman and her Son":

"The working-men with heavy, iron tread,
The thin-shod clerks, the shopmen neat and plump,
Home from the city came. On muddy beer
The melancholy, mean suburban street
Grew maudlin for an hour."

Mr. Davidson is a poet of extremes that meet; for sure as is his hand in "A Northern Suburb"—that spawn of modernity—it is sure too, and surer still, in idyllic landscape and in mediaeval love-lore. To do Mr. Davidson justice, we must omit no verse in a poem where all the verses are excellently well-knitted together, though with thread of gossamer:

"SERENADE (1250 A.D.)."

"With stars, with trailing galaxies,
Like a white-rose bower in bloom,
Darkness garlands the vaulted skies,
Day's adorn'd tomb;
A whisper without the briny west,
Thrills and sweetens the gloom;
Within, Miranda seeks her rest
High in her turret-room."

"Armies upon her walls encamp
In silk and silver thread;
Chased and fretted, her silver lamp
Dimly lights her bed;
And now the silken screen is drawn,
The velvet coverlet spread;
And the pillow of down and snowy lawn
Mantles about her head."

"With violet-scented rain
Sprinkle the rushy floor;
Let the tapestry hide the tinted pane,
And cover the chamber door;
But leave a glimmering beam,
Miranda belamour,
To touch and gild my waking dream,
For I am your troubadour."

"I sound my throbbing lyre,
And sing to myself below;
Her damsel sits beside the fire
Crooning a song I know;
The tapestry shakes on the wall,
And shadows hurry and go,
The silent flames leap up and fall,
And the muttering birch-logs glow."

"Deep and sweet she sleeps,
Because of her love for me;
And deep and sweet the peace that keeps
My happy heart in fee!
Peace on the heights, in the deeps,
Peace over hill and lea,
Peace through the starlit steeps,
Peace on the starlit sea,
Because a simple maiden sleeps
Dreaming a dream of me."

It is by such verse as this that we prefer to place Mr. Davidson rather than by his ballads. This may seem a hard saying, since it is as a ballad-monger that he has won the most renown. The very title of his book tells that story. Nor is a popularity so grounded wholly unintelligible; for in his ballads Mr. Davidson has here and there his most transcending lines and verses. Take, for instance, this vital verse from the "Ballad of a Poet Born":

"Of heaven and hell, of times and tides;
Of wintry winds that blow,
Of spring that haunts the world, and hides
Her flowers among the snow."

And he can tell you where the poet "died the rosy hours with rosier waking dreams"—

"And lurked at night in seaside caves,
Or rowed o'er harbour-bars,
Companion of the winds and waves,
Companion of the stars."

Or, again, in his "New Ballad of Tannhäuser":

"I scarce could breathe, I might not stir,
The while there came across the lea,
With singing maidens after her,
A woman wonderful to see."

"Her face—her face was strong and sweet;
Her looks were loving prophecies;
She kissed my brow: I kissed her feet—
A woman wonderful to kiss."

This, in word magic, is the very essence of Mr. Davidson's excellence; and we take as a gift from his hands even the "loving prophecies" by which he varies Wordsworth's "promises as sweet." But the ballad, like the legend it embodies, is more than a thing of metre and of the rapture of words: it is a philosophy. And Mr. Davidson has wrested his legends out of all fitness of setting. In his "Ballad of a Nun" the whole point was thrown away. The nun of the legend had her heart in the convent, albeit she went off to the joust. The real nun was not at the fair, but was still in her cell. Therefore her place was kept by the Virgin; and when she came back a penitent she had never been missed. Mr. Davidson's nun longed for the city streets all the time—it was there by all philosophy that she found herself. To make her place kept in the convent till she returns jaded, but not penitent, is the idlest of trifling. In his "New Ballad of Tannhäuser," again, Mr. Davidson wipes out the whole splendid message of the legend. The sin which no man, not even the Pope himself, can pardon is proclaimed by a miracle to be forgiven by God. It is a miracle of mercy. But Mr. Davidson transforms it into a mystery of iniquity—he reads it as a licence to Tannhäuser to return to his sin. In such case the whole machinery of the ballad is out of gear with its new intention. We do not want mediaeval Rome and pontiffs and miracles and convent-cells as the furniture of verses invented and invented to proclaim the latter-day gospel of snatched pleasure and of illicit loving. It is as if Tennyson had taken the Arthurian legends and had made the infidelity of the queen the main-spring of chivalry in king and knights. Mr. Davidson should go straight to the well, certainly not to the convent-cell for his wantons rejoicing in wantonness. We seek for a little more of the philosopher in a poet so well equipped in all the mechanism of his art, and in a man so capable of noble emotion in himself, so enviably capable of awakening it in others. When to his elemental sweetness is added a soundness at the root of the matter, we, too, shall bow low before Mr. Davidson as ballad-monger.

Idylls and Lyrics. By Sir Lewis Morris (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, if asked by what work he would be judged, would no doubt name *The Epic of Hades*. It is the only work of which he avows the authorship on the cover of the new volume—"By the author of *The Epic of Hades*." Yet all his books are of a piece—they are on harmony; and that large public which

made the name of the author of *The Epic of Hades* a household word ought to be quite as easily pleased with the *Idylls and Lyrics*. These are some thirty in number, and they cover subjects and treatments as far apart as a quite ethereal "Morning Song," the mediaevally echoing lines "In the Baptistery" in Pisa, outbursts against the Turk in Armenia, and verses on events so modern as the funeral of Lord Leighton and the unveiling of a statue of Mr. Bright—Mr. Bright being, if we remember rightly, one of the poet's first and strongest admirers. We quote the first and the last of the stanzas, in which Sir Lewis Morris makes recompense:

"Seven years have fled since on thy honoured clay
I laid a fading wreath of grateful verse;
Willing, once more I come again to-day
Thy unforgotten virtues to rehearse.
Friend of the friendless else, thou art not dead
Whilst still one voice laments thy honoured head.

"Stand here, great Englishman! earth knows
to-day
No prouder title than that world-wide
name;
Though thrones and rank and honours pass
away,
There comes no cloud that shall obscure
thy fame.
Here in the precincts where thy years were
spent,
Inspire, sustain thy well-loved Parliament!"

The poet is not at pains to criticise the sculptor—criticism is ever a thankless task between artists, or between the writer of verse and the reader of it, for that matter; but politicians have been more iconoclastic, and Sir Lewis's poem may have a topographical value in time to come as a contemporary record that the statue stood for a brief space in the place where it stands no longer. Sir Lewis Morris strikes a very characteristic note, and one that does him credit as a man of worthy aims and of no ignoble aspirations, in such verses as "Ah! what is Truth?" and in "Regina Coeli." The last-named verses open with the query:

"What shall I grant my life to gain?"

and in each succeeding verse is duly given a dismissal to Riches, to Fame, which "fleets faster yet," to Rank, to Pleasure, and even to Love:

"because its flower divine
Blooms with the morn, nor long can stay
But withers in life's fuller day"—

no idyllic doctrine that! Beauty and Learning are equally refused as objects for the striving of the poet, who has this ending for his strain:

"To Duty only let me kneel,
Her painful circlet on her brow!
To her, my queen, my head shall bow,
Not knowing, but content to feel!

"All faint, all fade, all pass; but She
Shines clear for young and aged eyes,
High as the peaks which kiss the skies,
Profound as the unfathomed sea!"

Songs and Rhymes. By B. W. J. Trevald-
wyn. (Elliot Stock.)

IN Mr. Trevaldwyn, who dates his preface from St. Martin's Rectory, Looe, Cornwall, we have an original poet at last—at any rate in the source and motive of his inspirations. The stale old story of singing for singing's sake, and because you must, of the lispings in numbers "for the numbers come"—we have heard it all too often. Mr. Trevaldwyn has quite other reasons. His thoughts, he supposes, go into verse because so many poets and their relations (not forgetting a spare tutor) have been known by him and his. The sentence is a long arm of coincidence; but it cannot be shortened:

"It was my good fortune for three or four years of my early life to act as amanuensis to one of the most accomplished scholars of his day—the Rev. Derwent Coleridge—who, himself an elegant versifier, was the son of one poet, the brother of another, and the tutor to yet a third. His father was the illustrious poet-philosopher, Samuel Taylor Coleridge; his elder brother was Hartley Coleridge; and he had been tutor to Charles Kingsley. A little later I had the advantage of being curate to the Rev. John Moultrie, the poet-pastor of Rugby. About the same date I had the privilege of knowing some of the Tennyson family, and on one occasion had the honour of being present when four of the Tennyson brothers and three of the sisters met to celebrate the birthday of their 'little mother' at Rose Mount, Hampstead. Later in life one of my most intimate friends was the Rev. Charles Carey, son of the translator of Dante's *Divine Comedy*."

And so it came about that Mr. Trevaldwyn "breathed a poetical atmosphere" and that his thoughts "ran into rhyme and simple verse." He caught the contagion, and now we may know why poets stand aloof and will not let others "get poetry" from them. Yet we hasten to say that the results have been by no means lamentable in Mr. Trevaldwyn's case. He has a pretty little lilt and knack, as anyone may see:

"A SIMPLE PAIR.

"Who goes there, young and fair,
With a basket on her arm,
Down the lane beyond the farm—
Say, who goes there?
Oh, 'tis Kitty, with her dimples
And her bonnie shining hair,
And she's looking for some simples
That her grannie says are there.

"Strange to say, on that day,
Who should go towards the farm,
With a bridle on his arm?
'Tis, strange to say,
But young Philip with his blushes,
And his bashful frightened air,
Looking down among the rushes
For his father's old grey mare."

Of course, in the lines that follow, Philip is the simple the damsel gathers—but Philip with a bridle all ready for her neck. Almost throughout, the volume is prettily touched after a manner in which the Rev. Frederick Langbridge is a master. Mr. Trevaldwyn has talked with the Great; but we are content to have no better company than his for a brief space.

POETS' CORNER.

"THEIR names shall live in remembrance for ever"—the promise to all just men is one from which just poets should not be excluded. We make bold, therefore, to protest against the total omission, in any index or in the body of the book, of the names of the authors quoted in Mr. John Farmer's capital selection of *Songs for Soldiers and Sailors*, published under the title of *Scarlet and Blue* by Messrs. Cassell & Co. Readers may supply for themselves the names of the authors of such pieces as "The Mariners of England" and "The Burial of Sir John Moore"; but fewer people will know who set going, in the old song "We be Soldiers Three," a valiant trinity destined to reappear in a famous modern title; and of some of the poems the authors' names, except to experts in this class of verse, are practically not known at all. The case is the harder for the poets because the composers of the music given with each set of words are called by their names in the editor's clearest types.

A DISTINGUISHED officer, whose military position in India has given him the right to speak with authority, bears witness to Mr. Kipling's thorough understanding of barrack-room life and feeling in all its phases in India, not only in the case of Tommy Atkins, but also in that of the native Sepoy and the common coolie. And this fidelity of the poet has a very practical recognition. "The old soldiers know," our correspondent says, "how eagerly books of Mr. Kipling's are sought for in our military libraries. The furore created in India by his *Barrack-Room Ballads* will be raised again by the publication of *The Seven Seas*." We note, however, the professional opinion that "'The Sergeant's Weddin', 'Ladies,' and 'Mary, pity Women,' although true, deal with subjects which many soldiers regret that Mr. Kipling should bring before the notice of the general public."

THE little history of Mrs. Browning's tomb at Florence, given by the *Daily Chronicle* in its series of articles on "Women's Meccas," omits to say that that tomb was designed by a late President of the Royal Academy. If the earth on which the great English poet among women rests is not English, at least let it be remembered that the marble above her was modelled by the hand of an Englishman, and that Englishman her admiring friend. Before us, as we write, stands a photograph of the drawing-room at Casa Guidi as Mrs. Browning left it; in the margin is the date "June, 1861" the month and year of her death, written there by Mr. Browning, who sent this copy to Leighton at the time. Before us also is a photograph of Browning himself after death (and he, too, gave up the breath of song in Italy, not divided in death from her in this), sent by the poet's son to Leighton. And with these two relics, which link Leighton to the Brownings in their deaths, is the rough drawing to scale of Leighton's design for the last resting-place of "E. B. B.," as she is there called.

FICTION.

Taquisara. By F. Marion Crawford. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S output of novels is so considerable in quantity, that it is always something of a wonder, not that the quality is not better, but that it remains so good as it does. It is rarely that his leisured, imperturbably reflective manner shows any traces of hurry: his fertility in the invention of stories is as inexhaustible as the freshness of his observation or the interest which he takes in the characters and fortunes of his innumerable puppets. On the whole, we like him best when he writes of Italy and of that Italian life which he knows so well, and of which he has formed so clear and so personal a vision. It is a certain incongruity between the new and the old which has impressed his imagination most. He describes a grand old palace in Toledo, let for a term of years to the town council of Naples, and used for public offices:

"The marble staircases were black and dingy with the passing of many feet that tracked in the mud in winter and the filthy dust of Naples in summer. Dark, poor faces and ill-clad forms moved through the halls, and horrible voices echoed perpetually in the corridors, where those who waited discussed taxes, and wrangled, and cursed those in power, and cheated one another, and picked a pocket now and then, and spat upon the marble pavement whereon royal and lordly feet had so often trod in days gone by."

This picture is very typical of the whole of Italy as Mr. Crawford sees it. It is still the country of romance, of exquisite skies and seas, of great names and august memories; but even more, it is the country of petty municipalities, of squalor and grinding poverty and oppressive taxes, where all that remains of external splendour is but the gorgeous robe upon a rotting corpse. In such an environment Mr. Crawford's heroes and heroines move like ghosts, almost consciously out of keeping—survivals from a more heroic, a more beautiful past. Of such is *Taquisara*, the last descendant of a great Saracen line; and of such is the woman *Taquisara* loves, Veronica Serra, Princess of Acireale. She is another of the sad, gracious ladies of high degree whom Mr. Crawford has so long loved to paint. From the moment when she ceases to be a child, and takes her destiny into her own hands, she is proved a rare nature, sensitive and self-reliant, one of those women who respond generously and ungrudgingly to every demand which nature or fate can make upon them. We follow her fortunes, ingeniously involved by Mr. Crawford, with unfailing sympathy, and rejoice at the measure of happiness ultimately meted out to her. The fault of the book is that it really falls, so far as the plot is concerned, into two distinct stories. The first part is almost wholly occupied with the intrigues of Veronica's guardians, Gregorio and Matilde Macomer, against her inheritance and her life; the second with the emotional entanglements out of which her love for

Taquisara slowly arises. A kind of unity is, of course, preserved by the growing individuality of Veronica herself; but this does not altogether bridge over the gulf. We do not consider *Taquisara* one of Mr. Crawford's finest books. After Veronica; no one interests us exceptionally, except Bosio Macomer, who dies early, and the priest Don Teodoro. *Taquisara* himself has not a very prominent part to play, and we are compelled to take him on trust. But it is a good story for all that, and will bear reading from end to end. Admirers of *Pietro Ghisleri* will be glad to meet again with Pietro and with Bianca Corleone.

Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

IN *Sir George Tressady*, Mrs. Humphry Ward has seen fit to test the sincerity of our admiration for the central character of one of her former works, by introducing Marcella as the *dea ex machina* of her present novel. Charming though she was on the occasion of our first acquaintance, a doubt is born as to whether her reappearance has added anything to our store of pleasant memories—the question of sequel in fiction being one not often attended by success, several factors combining to render the result, as a rule, experimental. One important reason, doubtless, is the proverbial fickleness of readers themselves; while another may possibly lie in the writer's own attitude towards even the most well-conceived and carefully developed personage of the imagination. In the interval of presentation a marked change may have taken place in his own interest therein, all that was freshest and best having furnished the impulse to the first effort. Marcella, called to do duty again, does, in a measure, redeem our expectation, even at times exciting some of the old witchery. Yet the spark which woke her to life in the story of her youth seems lacking in this record of Marcella married and Marcella turned politician. We view her now from an outside standpoint which admits of coldest criticism. She is no longer a wayward, noble, stumbling, lovable girl, but is summarised heartlessly, and with some emphasis, as a political *intrigante*, implying the unscrupulous coquette. She may be as earnest, as intense, as beautiful, as loving towards poor humanity, as faithfully devoted to her husband's interests, as ardent a parliamentarian as the old Marcella would have been when developed by her new surroundings; but the germ is wanting, and only a well-articulated marionette, animated by overmuch pulling, remains. That Sir George Tressady's parliamentary upsetting, to say nothing of his domestic undoing, should indirectly hinge upon this character, in whom we have least belief, would indicate a falling-off in the author's further development of Marcella. It were ungracious to dwell further upon this point when a debt of gratitude remains yet unacknowledged; Mrs. Ward having introduced many new and several well-observed characters in whom the first interest of the general reader will centre: Letty, especially, Sir

George's wife, is brilliantly portrayed, showing both skill and delicate insight in the handling. Whatever her phases, and there are many, she carries conviction; which is the best, perhaps, that can be said of any of those who speak and move in the pages of fiction. Her small ambitions and petty triumphs; her little prettinesses; the utter inability of her poor soul to rise above the height of her husband's shoestrings; her lack of sympathy with all outside the most limited of social belongings—all appear in such light as to prove her reality. She embodies the dainty, pretty, heartless society creature whom everyone knows so well, and who is so often ill-paired with a Sir George of one's acquaintance. Letty is certainly alive, more the pity, for wherever she is, one may be sure she is bruising the heart of some earnest man.

Sir George himself is interesting. We like him so well that we wish he had never befooled himself even for the brief moment of his infatuation with Marcella. Every scene with his wife—and those with his vain, prodigal, deceitful, dying mother—bear the stamp of truth. There are no false lines here, no rubbing out, no substitution, no blur; all is direct, sufficient, needful. From beginning to end Mrs. Ward has shown her knowledge of the man and grasp of his position. The downfall of his ambitions, his hampered domestic life with its fretting money anxieties, and the undercurrent of real unhappiness, ring true. We realise the soreness of his heart and dwell with him in sympathy.

Of the minor characters there is little reason to speak. Some are good and some unconvincing. But taken as a whole Mrs. Ward has not lost ground by her present work; rather does she steadily hold her own among the most important of English novelists, using serious means for serious purposes, and securing the appreciation of those who understand and are grateful for her undeniable gifts.

The Wheels of Chance. By H. G. Wells. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

THE draper's assistant has not often been selected as the hero of a story. Dickens chose him as the hero of one of the "Sketches by Boz"; but whereas here you began by admiring him as a fine figure of a man, and were expected to end by laughing at him as a mere counter-jumper, in Mr. Wells's story, *The Wheels of Chance*, you begin by laughing at him as a shop-hand, and end by sympathising with him as a man. On the surface the story is but a rollicking description of the first few days of the holiday of Mr. Hoopdriver, shop-assistant to Messrs. Antrobus & Co., of Putney. In reality it is a serious essay on the making of a man. Hoopdriver is by no means a picturesque figure, as he rides forth on his cushion-tired bicycle for a tour "along the South Coast," and but small promise of adventure appears in his straggling moustache, his weak mouth, his spindle legs, and his muscles made flabby by a year of shop-hours at the Emporium. But Hoopdriver was a romancer. "Like I

know not how many of those who do the fetching and carrying of life—a great number of them certainly," says his chronicler—

"his real life was absolutely uninteresting, and if he had faced it as such people do in Mr. Gissing's novels, he would have come by way of drink to suicide in the course of a year. But that was just what he had the natural wisdom not to do. On the contrary, he was always decorating his existence with imaginative tags, hopes, and poses, deliberate and quite effectual self-deceptions; his experiences were mere material for a romantic superstructure."

In all Hoopdriver's imaginings the central figure was always Hoopdriver as a gentleman—a saint, a *roué*, a reformer—but always a gentleman. Now when Hoopdriver meets Beauty—by name Jessie Milton—in distress, rescues her, rides with her for some days through the Southern Counties, living in close proximity, as her brother, with a highly educated, high-spirited, high-thinking girl, posing the while as a gentleman, partly for the mere delight of the situation, partly to put his companion at her ease, and driven at last, by conscious failure, to confess his real position, you have a situation which gives ample scope for humour and pathos as well.

"You are a gentleman?" said Jessie at the critical moment of her danger. And Hoopdriver answered "Yes." When you have finished the book you will confess that Hoopdriver was not telling so big a lie as he feared. For in spite of his ignorance, his uncertain English, his servility born of years in the Putney shop, Hoopdriver was a gentleman. And herein is the triumph of Mr. Wells.

At the end of his adventures with Jessie—they lasted but five days—we leave Hoopdriver. But by that time we have learned that "a mere counter-jumper, a cad on castors, and a fool to boot, may come to feel the little insufficiencies of life." Hoopdriver's communion with Jessie—his worship of her—has taught him the possibilities that life holds forth to the man of brain and muscle, and he rides back to Putney with a grim determination, flecked, indeed, with mistrust in himself, to redeem by hard work the years that the locusts have eaten. And at the end of a vista of six summers he sees Jessie. Mr. Wells drops a hint that we may hear anon what Hoopdriver did with those six years, and what came of them. If such be his intent, he would do well to carry it out. For Hoopdriver, the draper's assistant, is fascinating, and one would gladly follow his development from a "hand" to a man. He must not be allowed to end his days in the Putney Emporium.

The Ban of the Gubbe. By C. D. Waldo. (Blackwood.)

HERE the influence is the influence of Mr. Wells, but the hand is the hand of Mr. C. D. Waldo. The story tells of a race of amphibians called the Fiskmänner, the chief of which was the Gubbe. They had yellow hair, hands like fins, and webbed feet, and Mr. Janson was one of them. For the extraordinary proceedings of Mr. Janson and the adventures of the narrator in his attainment of Miss Janson's hand (which,

by the way, was not like a fin) the reader must turn to the book. It is interesting enough to hold one to the end, although the thrills which the author seems to promise are disappointingly absent.

The Grey Man. By S. R. Crockett. (Fisher Unwin.)

WE must own to some astonishment at the vogue of Mr. Crockett. He is not without talent, if he chose to exercise it. *The Stickit Minister* was a decent imitation of Mr. Barrie, and *The Raiders* a decent imitation of Louis Stevenson. And upon a smaller canvas he did a really fine piece of work in *Mad Sir Uchtrede of the Hills*. But we are bound to say that, in the three or four recent stories which have come under our notice, he seems to have abandoned all attempt at serious achievement, and to have contented himself with the merest bookmaking. He produces so rapidly now, that we doubt whether he leaves himself the necessary leisure for that fundamental brainwork from which alone the essential unity of a work of art can come. To adopt one of his own Scotchisms, he "juist havers along" through the allotted number of pages. *The Grey Man* might pass very well as a story for boys, though we think that even they would prefer a more direct and closely knitted narrative; its claims to rank as literature are of the very slightest. A certain facility of description there is, and a ready touch upon the more obvious kinds of sentiment; but Mr. Crockett's notions of character-painting are of the most rudimentary description, and he has been quite unable to catch the swiftness or the simplicity of a really good tale of adventure. The fighting is frequent, but, even to ignoramuses like ourselves, unimpressive; we should prefer more swashing blows and fewer of them. And we should prefer a little more discretion in the use of the Scottish dialect. Mr. Crockett often relapses into a jargon which is neither quaint nor beautiful, but only crack-jaw and unintelligible. The plot concerns the internecine feuds of the Kennedies of Ayrshire in the reign of James the Sixth of Scotland. It is Kennedy against Crawford, and Kennedy of Cassilis against Kennedy of Bargany. The narrative is put in the mouth of one Sir Launcelot Kennedy, of Kirriecoch and Palgowan, known as "Launcelot of the Spurs," or "Launcelot Spurheel." It would appear to have been Mr. Crockett's original idea that the action should be dominated by the dour figure of the Grey Man, John Mure of Auchendrayne. But he has not been at the pains to make his scheme effective. John Mure's earlier appearances are hung about with an air mystery, which after all ends in nothing. From about chapter xxxvii. he comes to the front, and thenceforward the story is comparatively vigorous and sustained, although the gruesome episodes in the cave of Sawny Bean are somewhat dragged in by the head and shoulders. The larger portion of the book, however, is taken up with an account of petty warfares and shifting intrigues, the maze of which it is difficult to follow, and which present no clear issue, and afford no true scope for deeds of heroism. No doubt all this is admirably true to history, and Mr.

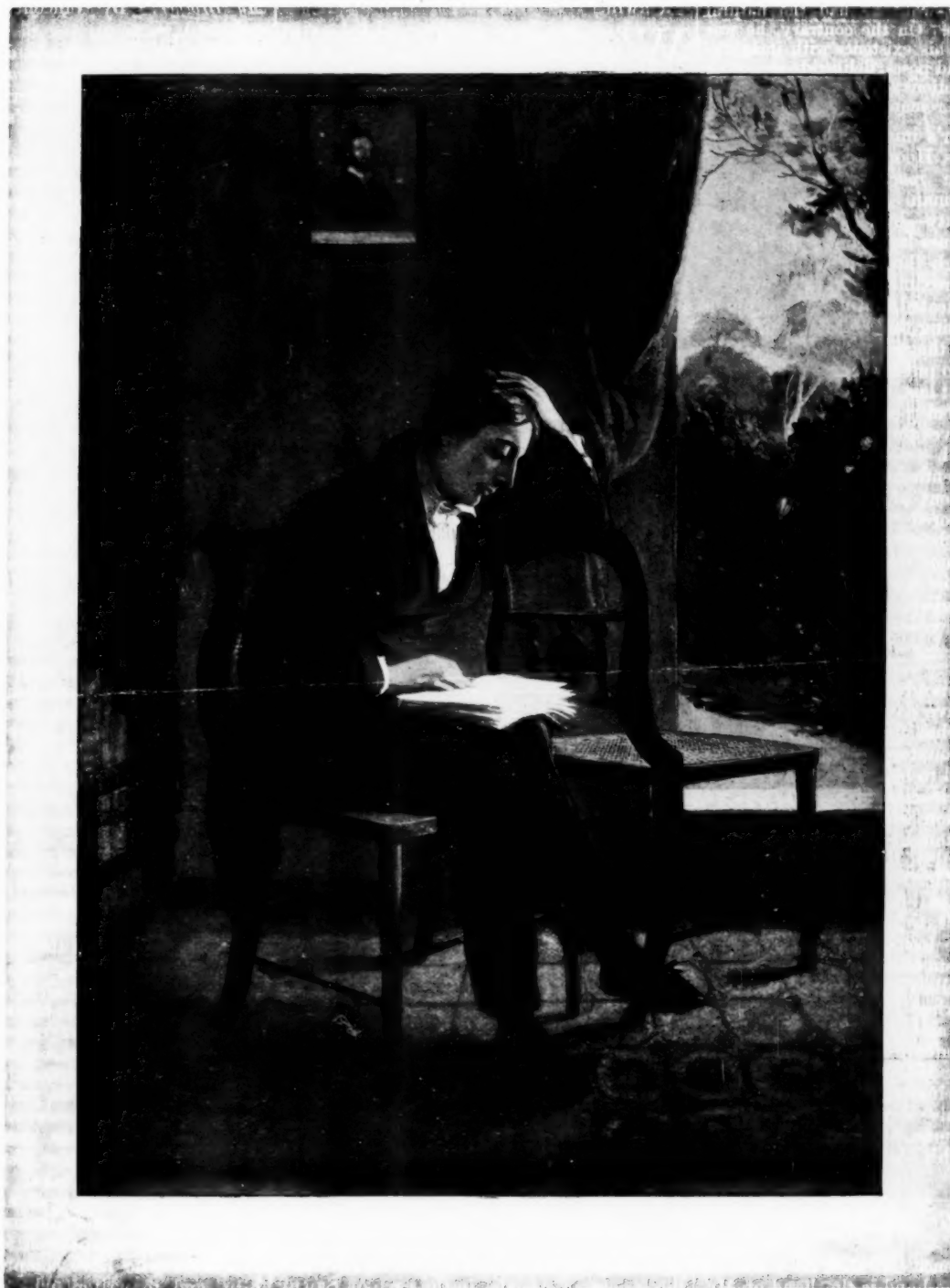
Crockett appears to have transcribed it straight from his chronicles, without any attempt to shape it into that unity of interest which a novel requires, and in which the difference between a novel and a chronicle really consists.

My Brother. By Vincent Brown. (John Lane.)

THE reviewer stands dismayed in the presence of *My Brother*. With the ordinary novel one is on terms, more or less, of equality: on the author's side is the wish to entertain, to beguile, to interest; on the critic's side is the wish to say to what extent the writer has succeeded, and to "place" the book among other works of literary artifice. Probably also the critic will refer to the author's previous output, and express the hope that it will not be long before his next volume appears. But the customary routine is not to be followed with *My Brother*. The book so comes from the heart, is so passionate an utterance of a compassionate nature, that the thought of other writings vanishes. For the moment literature has ceased to be artifice, and has become an action spontaneous as movement or speech. With the author of *My Brother* we feel that the ordinary method has been reversed: instead of the novelist seeking the story, the story appears to have sought him. It dwelt with him year after year, awaiting the fit season, and when that season was ripe the Spirit of Humanity, one almost might say, took the pen and wrote for him.

My Brother is an epic of self-sacrifice. The tale is of a village solitary, a crippled visionary, Christ-like in purity, accounted mad by some and foolish by all—called humorously by his neighbours "The Prophet"—who so loved a family of his fellow-beings that he took upon himself the sin of one of them and laid down his life that this other might live and tears be unshed. The story setting forth this great renunciation is clear as a stream, and it moves as tranquilly and surely. The author has conquered every temptation to write finely in the place of writing fitly, and the fruit of his resistance is a narrative so plain and so closely woven that it is impossible to extract any one passage as illustrative of his method. It must be all or none. We have the welding of form that is Greek to language that is so near the language of life that one never thinks of the word as a word at all—thus being diverted from the tale—but only as a symbol. This is a point which in these days of "stylists" deserves and demands to be emphasised.

Our praise for *My Brother* is unusual; but the book is unusual. It has qualities for which the reviewer of novels has almost ceased to look; and above all it has understanding and compassion. We can point to writers who have comprehension and no pity, and to writers who are sympathetic yet uninitiated. Mr. Brown has the double endowment, and thus equipped, and faithful to his art, he has given us a living, beautiful thing—a story great in conception, powerful in execution, and distinguished by that tenderness which comes only from strong thinkers who have abode "in the wilderness."



JOHN KEATS

From the Picture by Joseph Severn in the National Portrait Gallery

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Kate Carnegie and Those Ministers. By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

WE have had a surfeit during recent years of the Scotch parochial novel. Its literary flavour is, for the most part, pleasant—equally pleasant—but in time it becomes wearisome. We know, at the outset, what to expect. We shall have a blend of canniness and theology, tempered by grim pathos, in a setting of Scotch whiskey and mist. Of the kailyard chroniclers we suffer the Rev. Ian Maclaren the most gladly, in that he has the saving gift of humour. In his latest volume he, of course, hurries back by express to Drumtochy to beat about the bonny briar bush. Once there, we have a series of character sketches held together by a thin, a very thin, thread of story. Indeed, of plot there is little or nothing. Kate Carnegie, a high-spirited, light-hearted girl, who has spent several years of her life with her father's regiment in the whirl of Anglo-Indian social dissipation, returns to her ancestral home at Drumtochy. Here, after refusing the hand of eminently blameless Viscount, she marries the Free Kirk minister, a zealous young man and one in whom, despite the author's anxious precautions, we see the makings of the clerical prig. The subsequent history of the *ménage* at the Free Kirk Manse would, we take it, be instructive. The union of a ballet girl and a Trappist monk would forebode about as many possibilities of happiness. One of "those ministers," however, is among Mr. Maclaren's best creations. This is Dr. Jeremiah Sanderson, a Free Kirk minister in an adjoining hamlet, who is worthy to be mentioned in the same breath as Dominic Sampson. The gentle, absent-minded, pious old bookworm, fulfilled with profound and useless lore, is, despite the gloom of his Calvinistic limitations, lovable in the extreme. His absent-mindedness affords the author's real gift of humour free play. He arrives at Drumtochy with thirteen great cases, bursting with tomes of the Early Fathers, and without a stick of furniture. He falls into the hands of a grim housekeeper of the old dispensation, and suffers many things, but he is the prey and the refuge of every wastrel in the high road. When he returns from his stay at a neighbouring manse, he fills his portmanteau with the antimacassars and the pillow-cases of his hostess instead of with his personal garments:

"When he turned his back against the wind to snuff with greater comfort, he was not careful to resume his original position, but continued cheerfully in the new direction. This weakness was so well known that the school bairns would watch till he had started and stand in a row on the road to block his further progress."

"These humiliations are, doubtless, a lesson," he was wont to observe. Withal he is a man of deep learning and of real piety; one who can sacrifice what is dearest to him for conscience sake. Good, too, is the sketch of Dr. Davidson, the minister of the Old Kirk, a courtly stately gentleman of the old school, who, when misfortune, sudden and undeserved, comes upon him in the evening of his days, bears it like a gallant man. For the rest the story rambles in and out

of the kirks (where it lets us in for an occasional sermon) and the villagers' cottages, and rambles pleasantly. It is a wholesome story, brightened with flashes of humour and rich with many a well-drawn portrait. It can, too, be read without a glossary—no slight boon to the mere Sassenach reader.

The Land of the Leal. By David Lyall (London: Hodder & Stoughton.)

IN *The Land of the Leal* we have another excursion into a Scotch parish—a very serious parish, unrelieved by a single gleam of humour. The author—to borrow a striking phrase from Stevenson—"wallows naked in the pathetic." The inhabitants of his particular kailyard are no doubt "leal" to their finger tips, but we could wish that they did not take quite such a severe view of life, and that their horizon was not altogether bounded by the precincts of their kirk. The amount of tragedy housed in this ill-starred settlement would be enough to stock a fair-sized town and its suburbs across the border. In the very first sketch ("A Wastrel") we see the awful fate that awaits the adventurer who strays beyond the confines of his parish. A mother pays an unexpected visit to her son who is a student at Edinburgh. She finds him wreathed in tobacco smoke, playing cards, with a glass of whiskey and water at his elbow. Tobacco smoke, cards, and whiskey may be very reprehensible surroundings for a young man reading for the ministry. Still, there are instances on record in which the youthful debauchee has recovered and has turned out a good man and true. However, we do not wish to cavil against provincialism. The tales are well written, and some descriptions of Lowland scenery are painted with an artistic touch. Moreover, the last story is excellent: touching, restrained, and true to life, although the Scriptural tag thrown in by the inevitable minister makes us gnash our unregenerate teeth. If Mr. David Lyall can be induced to venture further afield, we shall look forward with pleasure to renew our acquaintance with him, for his word-painting is artistic and refined.

A Daughter of the Fens. By J. T. Bealby. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE author of this story, which belongs to the middle of the last century, claims in his preface (dated from Finchley, 1896) that "the social background, as well as the scene, is all drawn from personal knowledge." At the first blush, therefore, we take Mr. Bealby to be a centenarian, and a remarkably interesting one at that. He goes on, however, to explain that he means not that he was in existence in that remote day, but that "his own observation, added to the fireside traditions of the grandfathers of his generation, and to the fireside traditions of their grandfathers, does go back sufficiently far to warrant him in claiming first-hand experience" of the life described. This, of course, is valuable; and knowing thus much we came to the story with increased appetite—especially as few historical

romancers can make a similar boast. But now that the book is read, we hesitate a little in accepting Mr. Bealby as a true delineator of Fen-life in the eighteenth century. We like his people immensely, but we cannot quite believe in them. Their springs of action are a thought too transpontine.

Yet for Mr. Bealby's robustness we cannot be too grateful. He recalls Fielding now and then by the vehemence of his pride in English muscle, and appetite, and rhetorical abuse.

The story itself deals with the feud between the slodgers and their friends and the aristocratic party who wished to enclose Holland Fen. Before this was effected there were murders by the score. Mr. Bealby, by the way, is never so casual a chronicler as when describing a death. His characters receive bullets in their brains in the most natural way in the world: apparently, a hundred years ago, it was not customary in the Fens to display grief.

For a first book *A Daughter of the Fen* is full of promise. Mr. Bealby, however, must prune his conversations, and learn to weld incidents into a progressive whole more closely.

In a Man's Mind. By John Reay Watson. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THAT a very clever person may sometimes write an exceedingly dull book is the fact most forcibly recalled to a man's mind by Mr. Watson's Australian novel. With a moderate exercise of reserve, the book might have been at least readable: but neither author nor characters can resist at any moment the temptation to say a smart thing; and that way madness lies. The personages are hazy and, with one exception, odious. Arthur Palmer, one of the most shocking prigs that ever masqueraded, even in minor fiction, as a hero, is loved by Amy Stevenson, a noble woman, depicted just well enough to show how narrowly the author has escaped success. Palmer loves his cousin Jessie, who, without reciprocating his passion, accepts him, and is kissed in great detail no less than ten times in a single chapter. Miss Stevenson is a shop-girl, and Jessie breaks with Palmer on her account, and because he has severely beaten one Macalister (an even greater snob than herself) for speaking in gross terms of Palmer's acquaintance with one so inferior in station. Palmer, who is a clerk, now offers marriage to Miss Stevenson. He does not love her, and "to find that she would not in her humility consent to accept him, moved him pleasantly": but the book closes suddenly, and leaves him still proposing. Pretentious, ungrammatical, and mannered as it is, something in the story suggests that, given the needed faculty of reserve, the author might do better work. He must first learn not to adorn a tale with such flowers of speech as "enchafe," "weavement," "obmutescent," "bethralled," "yeldance"; and not to point a moral with phrases like "had she been even younger than him," "moving labouredly," "looked up thankful of her," "hated to acknowledge to inconstancy."

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Life and Letters of J. Gibson Lockhart. By Andrew Lang. 2 vols. (Nimmo.)

"BIOGRAPHY lives on the exceptional," writes Mr. Le Gallienne on the blushing page of an evening contemporary, "and weaknesses are more germane to its purpose than any but the greatest greatness." Similarly the *Saturday* finds its prognostication, that Lockhart's reputation "would be much more likely to suffer than to gain by an elaborate biography," fully confirmed. Nevertheless, no writer ventures to say that the work is not eminently readable, or that Mr. Lang, in spite of his failure to obtain access to certain documentary matter bearing upon Lockhart's connexion with Croker and the *Quarterly*, has fallen short in his capacity of editor. He is praised, especially, by the *British Review* for his temperate treatment of the various controversial points that swarm about the memory of his subject; upon whom all the sins and offences of *Blackwood* were fastened with unscrupulous unanimity. It is pleasant to hear of Scott's biographer finding *Old Mortality* "far more offensive" than *Waverley*.

The Story of My Life. Vol. I. By Richard Temple. (Cassells.)

The Story of My Life. By A. J. C. Hare. 3 vols. (G. Allen.)

It is not easy to imagine an autobiography quite free from the note of egoism; and it does not seem that from either of these books that note is entirely absent. According as it is treated as a contribution to the history of India or as an autobiography, Sir Richard Temple's volume is handled. Thus the *Pall Mall Gazette* praises the work precisely because, while great events occur and great characters pass across the stage, these "are but accessories to *The Story of My Life*, and bids the shade of Samuel Pepys look to his laurels. Criticised from the other standpoint, as by the *Saturday* (that the writer may not be exalted above measure), the *Story* is pronounced to be "more unprofitable and trivial than any autobiography hitherto published."—If no one has yet been found to hail Mr. Hare as a second Pepys it can hardly, one would surmise, be owing to any defect in this initial qualification. He even appears to have kindled in the bosoms of his critical readers a certain fury of irritation. How otherwise shall we explain such unkind headings as "Myself, in Three Volumes" (*British Review*), or "A Monument of Self-Sufficiency" (*Saturday Review*)? It would be impossible to observe without amusement the grimace with which the latter journal recounts in brief Mr. Hare's unmerited sufferings at the hands of those well-meaning but ill-advised guardians of his youth, Uncle Julius (whose pleasant habit it was to turn the leaves of the family Bible with his nose), and that "fearful scourge," Aunt Esther. The *British Review* thinks it may be possible to skim these three weighty volumes with a good deal of amusement, especially if the reader will confine his attention principally to what

Mr. Hare has to tell of other people. The *Speaker* weightily observes that to be "unforgetful and not a little vindictive" are good traits in an autobiographer; of which class the *Globe* declares Mr. Hare to be the most garrulous and self-satisfied. The work is treated more respectfully by the *Westminster Gazette* and by the *Spectator*.

New Ballads. By John Davidson. (Lane.)

ALWAYS the kindest of critics is A. T. Q. C., and in the *Speaker* he gravely chides Mr. Davidson for his *New Ballads*, by the space of two columns, in the nicest way imaginable. "The Italian and Gaul may complain of the emotional coldness of our singers of the North; but, by St. George and St. Andrew, they can 'go it' when they once begin." This is apropos of our poet's new Tannhäuser theory, that the miracle of the budding staff signified, "There was no need to be forgiven." The error underlying this attitude of revolt, says Q., is a mistaken identification of austerity with self-mortification. The latter it may be lawful to reject; but austerity is the robe of sackcloth which in Matthew Arnold's sonnet, the bride (the Muse) wore beneath her gay raiment. The *British Review*, in an article of which five-sixths are devoted to other matters, singles out for praise "A Ballad of a Poet Born." His philosophy, according to the *Morning Post*, "is a strange blend of epicureanism and stoicism. It sees in 'A Ballad of Euthanasia' 'one of the happiest examples' of Mr. Davidson's verse." "We believe," says the *Pall Mall*, "that what Mr. Davidson wants is a little extension of view. We wish him a little leisure, a little foreign travel, a little turning over of old books and lingering in gardens. He is a very perfect craftsman, and has a fiery soul. All we desire is somewhat less tension and more spontaneous joy."

The Other House. By Henry James. (Heinemann.)

"*The Other House* is conceived in a purely dramatic spirit and worked out with a scrupulous regard for the conventions and limitations of the theatre." "Who runs may . . . see that it not only contains dramatic situations, but is a play in all save name and externals. Instead of acts it is divided into three books, . . ." "Everything in it suggests the stage . . ." So that point, on the authority of the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenaeum*, and the *Bookman* may be taken as settled. And in determining upon its actual form the *Athenaeum* thinks Mr. Henry James has chosen the better part—that he has saved much that is supremely delicate in touch, much that shows the most sensitive care for the right distribution of light and shade, and many fine distinctions in tones and manners, which would have lost focus and significance in the glare of the footlights, from possible misapprehension and misinterpretation." The writer of the very able article which the *Saturday* devotes to the work discerns in it the assumption of a second manner. In this dramatic method of construction, however, he points out the obvious drawback that "there is room for very little

of the daintily whimsical commentary upon his characters, their looks and thoughts and motives and amiable absurdities, which he knows how to make so delightful"; also the same critic finds the cultivated indirection of the author's style less appropriate when it is merely a question of supplying the physical links in a chain of earnest and momentous dialogue. The *Morning Post* finds in the book a breaking down of that aloofness which hitherto has stood between Mr. James's readers and any warmer feeling than genuine admiration. The present novel is "forceful and passionate."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMONG new books we note in Mr. Murray's list the Rev. Walter Weston's "The Japanese Alps: an Account of Climbing and Exploration in the Unfamiliar Mountain Regions of Central Japan." Mr. Weston, who is a member of the Alpine Club, was for some time British chaplain at Kobe, in Japan. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. send an important addition to the literature of London in the shape of a book on the "London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century," by Mr. Warwick Wroth. The same house issues "The Buddhist Praying-Wheel," a book of Eastern lore by Mr. William Simpson, who describes his work as a collection of material bearing upon the symbolism of the wheel and circular movements in custom and religious ritual. Not wholly unallied to this work is Messrs. Methuen's "An Introduction to the History of Religion," by Dr. Jevons. This work, the publishers state, "treats of early religion, from the point of view of anthropology and folk-lore, and is the first attempt that has been made in any language to weave together the results of recent investigations into such topics as Sympathetic Magic, Taboo, Totemism, Fetishism, &c., so as to present a systematic account of the growth of primitive religion and the development of early religious institutions." Students of modern European history will be interested in the Hon. W. Gibson's work on "The Abbé de Lamennais and the Liberal Catholic Movement in France," which is found in Messrs. Longmans & Co's list. Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., send another contribution to French history in "The Century of Louis XIV.: its Arts and Ideas," which Mrs. Cashel Hoey has translated from the French of Émile Bourgeois. The book is profusely illustrated from contemporary sources. Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys has had the happy idea of publishing for Messrs. Hatchards a *Life of Nicholas Breakspere*, the only Englishman who has held the keys of St. Peter. Mr. Alfred H. Tarleton is the author. A work on French book-plates, written by Mr. Walter Hamilton, is published by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin sends "The Private Life of the Renaissance Florentines," by Dr. Guido Biagi. Of notable fiction the week has brought us little, but the tide of Boys' Books and Fairy Tales is setting strongly toward Christmas.

Boys must long have learned that Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons are their staunch friends, while of recent years Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. and Messrs. Jarrold must have run high in their estimation. Messrs. Hutchinson surely rise to the height of boys' and girls' needs in issuing such books as "Fifty-two Stories of Pluck and Peril for Boys" and "Fifty-two Stories of Pluck and Peril for Girls." The latter book is as much a sign of the times as the sex novel, and a healthier one. Among other publications may be named "The Charm and Other Drawing-room Plays," by Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Walter H. Pollock (Messrs. Chatto & Windus); "The Tale of Thronod of Gate," Englished by Mr. F. York Powell (Mr. David Nutt); and "The Black Watch: the Record of a Regiment," by Mr. Archibald Forbes (Cassell & Co.).

In the following list of books which we have received, prices are given wherever possible.

- JOHN MURRAY.**
THE JAPANESE ALPS. By Walter Weston. 21s. 6d.
LIFE OF BRIAN HOUGHTON HODGSON. By Sir W. W. Hunter. 14s. 6d.
CAIRO FIFTY YEARS AGO. By Edward W. Lane. 6s. 6d.
- MACMILLAN & CO.**
THE LONDON PLEASURE GARDENS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By W. and A. E. Wroth. (net) 15s. 6d.
ALTERNATING CURRENTS AND MACHINERY. By D. and J. P. Jackson. 4s. 6d.
SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER. By H. Carlson. 4s. 6d.
PHYSIOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS. By A. T. Simmons. 2s. 6d.
PHYSICS NOTE BOOK (Britannia Series). 2s. 6d.
THE BUDDHIST PRAYING-WHEEL. By W. Simpson. (net) 10s. 6d.
ELEMENTARY SOLID GEOMETRY AND MENSTRUATION. By H. D. Thompson. 6s. 6d.
PALLADIA. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 6s. 6d.
A SYSTEM OF GYNAECOLOGY. By Many Writers. Edited by T. C. Allbutt and W. S. Playfair. 25s. 6d.
DICTIONARY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. Edited by R. H. I. Palgrave. 21s. 6d.
THE KIPLING BIRTHDAY BOOK. Compiled by Joseph Finn. 7s. 6d.
LIFE AND LABOUR OF THE PEOPLE. Vol. VIII. By Charles Booth. 7s. 6d.
THE GOSPEL FOR AN AGE OF DOUBT. By Henry D. Vandye. 8s. 6d.
WORMS, ROTIFERS, AND POLYZOA. (The Cambridge Natural History.) Edited by S. F. Harvey, M.A., and A. E. Shipley.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.**
THE GIRLHOOD OF MARIA JOSEPHA HOLROYD. Edited by J. H. Adenae. 19s. 6d.
LECTURES ON FRENCH LITERATURE. By IRMS Droyfus. 12s. 6d.
THE ABBE DE LAMENNAIS. By the Hon. W. Gibson. 12s. 6d.
VICTORIA, QUEEN AND EMPRESS. By Sir Edwin Arnold. 1s. 6d.
A BOYAR OF THE TERRIBLE. By Fred. Whishaw. 6s. 6d.
SELECTION FROM THE POEMS OF GEORGE J. ROMANES. 4s. 6d.
SOCIALISM AND CATHOLICISM. From the Italian of Count Eduard Soderini. By Richard Jerny-Shee. 6s. 6d.
- CASSELL & CO.**
THE MAGAZINE OF ART. 1896.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Illustrated by Jenny Nyström-Stoopendaal. 7s. 6d.
SCARLET AND BLUE: SONGS FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS. Edited by John Farmer. 5s. 6d.
THE BLACK WATCH: THE RECORD OF A REGIMENT. By Archibald Forbes. 6s. 6d.
- W. BLACKWOOD & SONS.**
A HISTORY OF DUMFRIES AND GALLOWAY. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. (net) 7s. 6d.
THE PROVOST MARSHALL. By the Hon. F. Moncrieff. 6s. 6d.
SOME UNCONVENTIONAL PEOPLE. By Mrs. Gladwyn Jebb. 3s. 6d.
THE DREAM OF MR. H—, THE HERBALIST. By Hugh Miller.

- W. & R. CHAMBERS.**
CATALINA, ART STUDENT. By L. T. Meade. 5s. 6d.
PHILIPPA. By Mrs. Molesworth. 5s. 6d.
THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE. By S. M. Oxley. 5s. 6d.
THE BLACK TOR. By G. M. Fern. 3s. 6d.
YOUNG DENTY. By Eleanor C. Price.

- CHAPMAN & HALL.**
EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE. By Arthur Hubble. 5s. 6d.
THE DRAGON-SLAYER. By Roger Pocock. 6s. 6d.
THE STORY OF ALINE. By Mrs. Edward Ridley. 6s. 6d.

- METHUEN & CO.**
PLAUTI BACCHIDES. Edited by J. M'Cosh. 12s. 6d.
INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGION. By F. B. Jevons. 10s. 6d.
A CHILD OF THE JAGO. By Arthur Morrison. 6s. 6d.
THE SQUIRE OF WANDALES. By A. Shield. 3s. 6d.

- GEORGE BELL & SONS.**
POEMS. By Samuel Waddington. 4s. 6d.
FRENCH BOOK PLATES. By Walter Ham'lon.

- OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER.**
A CYCLE OF CATHAY. By W. A. P. Martin. 1s. 6d.
SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON (FAMOUS SCOTS SERIES). By E. B. Simpson. 3s. 6d.
MODERN PALESTINE. By John Lamond, B.D. (net)

- HUTCHINSON & CO.**
THE FORGOTTEN ISLES. By Gaston Vaillier. Translated by Frederic Breton. 16s. 6d.
KITTY THE RAG. By Rita. 6s. 6d.
UNCANNY TALES. By Mrs. Molesworth. 3s. 6d.
THE KING'S GARDENS. By C. E. Farrow. 2s. 6d.
FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF PLUCK AND PERIL FOR BOYS. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 5s. 6d.
FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF PLUCK AND PERIL FOR GIRLS. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 5s. 6d.
KING FOR A SUMMER. By Edgar Pickering. 5s. 6d.
IN GOLDEN SHACKLES. By "Allen." 6s. 6d.

- SEELEY & CO.**
THE EARLIER ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS. By C. Monkhouse. 6s. 6d.
CONFIDENCES OF AN AMATEUR GARDENER. By A. M. Dew-Smith.

- WARD, LOCK & CO.**
AT RANDOM: ESSAYS AND STORIES. By L. F. Austin. 2s. 6d.
PROMETHEUS BOUND. Edited by C. K. Shorter.

- T. FISHER UNWIN.**
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE RENAISSANCE FLORENTINES. By G. Biagi. (net) 3s. 6d.
FAIRY TALES FROM FINLAND. By Ella R. Christie. 3s. 6d.
THE PIRATE HORSE, AND OTHER STORIES. By A. Burrell. 2s. 6d.
SCHILLER'S LAY OF THE BELL. Translated by A. G. Foster-Barham. 5s. 6d.
THE CHILDREN'S STUDY: GERMANY. By Kate F. Kroecker. 2s. 6d.

- JARROLD & SONS.**
WHY NOT? OR, CLIMBING THE LADDER. By Grace Stebbing. 3s. 6d.
FORESTWYKE; OR, TEN YEARS AFTER. By Elizabeth B. Bayly. 3s. 6d.
TO CENTRAL AFRICA ON AN ICEBERG. By C. Squire and F. Maclean. 3s. 6d.
A DANGEROUS CONSPIRATOR. By G. Norway. 6s. 6d.
HOLIDAY TASKS. By Mary H. Debenham. 6s. 6d.
HALF ROUND THE WORLD FOR A HUSBAND. By May Crommelin. 6s. 6d.
FOR DUTY'S SAKE: STIRRING STORIES. By M. Douglas.

- T. NELSON & SONS.**
DOMINIQUE'S VENGEANCE. By E. Everett-Green. 3s. 6d.
THE YOUNG PIONEERS. By E. Everett-Green. 5s. 6d.

- GEORGE NEWNES (LIMITED).**
SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES. By Mrs. Davidson. 2s. 6d.
THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. A New Version. By E. A. B. Hodgkiss. 10s. 6d.

- NEVILLE BEEMAN.**
THE CHEST OF OPIMUM. By Mr. M—. 2s. 6d.
LORD ROSENBERG'S SPEECHES, 1874-1895. 6s. 6d.

- W. HEINEMANN.**
CHUN TI-KUNG: HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES. By C. A. Ross. 6s. 6d.
LETTERS OF A COUNTRY VICAR. From the French. By Yves le Querdec. 5s. 6d.

- DIGBY, LONG & CO.**
A CROWN OF GOLD. By Alfred Hardy. 6s. 6d.
THE TUTTLEBURY TALES. By W. Carter Platt.

- GARDNER, DARTON & CO.**
SINTEAN AND HIS COMPANIONS AND URBINE. By De la Motte Fouqué. Drawings by Gordon Browne. 7s. 6d.
MONASTICISM, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By Rev. F. C. Woodhouse. (net) 7s. 6d.

- WILLIAMS & NORGATE.**
THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY. By Herbert Spencer. 16s. 6d.
GERMAN ESSAYS FOR ENGLISH THINKERS. II. OUR ART EXHIBITIONS.

We have also received from:

- Chatto & Windus: *The Charm, and Other Drawing-room Plays*, by Sir Walter Besant and Walter H. Pollock. 6s. 6d.
 Arthur L. Humphreys: *Nicholas Breakspere (Adrian IV.)*, by Alfred H. Tarleton. 6s. 6d.
 Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.: *The Century of Louis XIV.*, by Emile Bourgeois. 52s. 6d.
 George Redway: *The Chase*, by W. Somerville, illustrated by Hugh Thompson. (net) 5s. 6d.
 Macmillan & Bowes (Cambridge): *Prize Latin Essay on the Tragic Art of Sophocles and Shakespeare*, by L. Horton-Smith.
 J. S. Virtue & Co.: *The Chiltern Hundreds*, by A. S. Foster, M.A.
 John Lane: *The Compleat Angler*, Edited by Richard Le Gallienne, Parts VIII. and IX. (each) 1s. 6d.
 David Nutt: *The Tale of Thronod of Gate*, Englished by F. York Powell. 7s. 6d.
 Lawrence & Bullen: *The Chariot of the Flesh*, by Hedley Peck. 6s. 6d.
 Cambridge University Press: *Autobiography of Sir George Biddell Airy, K.C.B.* 12s. 6d.
 J. M. Dent & Co.: *The Temple Classics: The Life of Lord Nelson*, by Southey. 1s. 6d. and 2s.

- Also from:—Simpkin, Marshall & Co.: *The Green Men of Norw. II*, by Mary C. Rowell, 1s.—*The Leadenhall Press: Gutter-Snipes*, by Phil May, 5s. net.—Blackie & Son: *Fuel and Refractory Materials*, by A. H. Sexton, 5s.—Hodder & Stoughton: *Bell's Reader's Shakespeare*, Arranged by David C. Bell, 3s. 6d.—Eyre & Spottiswoode: *The Hebrew Monarchy: a Commentary*, by Andrew Wood, M.A.—Harper Brothers (New York): *Modern Greek Mastery*, by T. L. Stedman.—Downey & Co. (Limited): *The Ugly Man*, by the Author of "A House of Tears," 2s. 6d.—A. & C. Black: *Introduction to Structural Botany*, by D. W. Scott, 3s. 6d.—W. Crofton Hemmons, St. Stephen-street (Bristol): *In the West Country*, by Francis A. Knight.—C. Arthur Pearson (Limited): *The Final War*, by Louis Tracy. *National Home Reading Union: Browning Notes*, by Alex. Hill, M.A.—T. & T. Clark (Edinboro'): *Life after Death*, by Bishop Lars Nielsen Dahle, 10s. 6d.—Service & Paton: *Jane Eyre*, by Charlotte Brontë, 2s. 6d.—F. Warr & Co.: *The Royal Natural History*, by Lydecker, Vol. VI., *Invertebrates*, 9s.—L. Upcott Gill: *Dictionary of Painters*, Vol. II., by Ralph N. James.—Patrick Geddes and Colleagues: *From the Hills of Dunm*, by Fiona Macleod, 4s.—*The Johns Hopkins Press (Baltimore)*: *Selections from the Early Scottish Poets*, Edited by W. H. Browne, 1 dol. 25 cents net.—Leonard Smithers: *A Book of Bargains*, by Vincent O'Sullivan, 4s. net.—P. S. King & Sons (Philadelphia): *Translations and Reprints from the Original Sources of European History: English Manorial Documents*, Edited by E. P. Cheyney, A.M., 1s. 6d.—*The Church Historical Society: The Hall Apostolical Curiae and the Edwardine Ordinal*, by F. W. Pullar, M.A.—Gay & Bird: *The Journal of Physical Chemistry*, No. 1., Thomas Murby: *A New Course of Chemistry*—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: *Christianity and Social Problems*, by Lyman Abbott.—Cambridge University Press: *The Attitude of the Church to Some Social Problems*, by the Rev. W. Moore Ede; and *Tacitus, Histories*, Edited by S. A. Davies, M.A.—Cornish Bros. (Birmingham): *Rhymes from a Rhyming Forge*, by Eranus the Song-Smith.—*The Roxburghe Press: A Bibliography of Guns and Shooting*, by Wirt Gerrard.—Augener & Co.: *Curiosities of the Key-Board and the Staff*, by Alfred Rhodes.—Hurst & Blackett: *Barrack and Battlefield*, by Walter Wood.—*The Westminster Palace Press: The Pathos of Poverty*, by W. Hazlitt Roberts.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY, November 23. Avenue Theatre, afternoon performances of "Little Eyclif," under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Robins on November 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27, at 3 o'clock.
- A'co at 8.30 p.m. Royal Geographical Society: Paper on "Two Years in Uganda, Unyoro, and the Upper Nile Region." By Lieut. Seymour Vandeleur, D.S.O., Scots Guards.
- A'co at 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Lecture on "The Use of Gas for Domestic Purposes." By Prof. Vivian B. Lewes. First of three lectures on this subject.
- TUESDAY, November 24, 8 p.m. The Institution of Civil Engineers: Paper on "The Bacterial Purification of Water." By Percy F. Frankland.
- Also at 8.30 p.m. Anthropological Institute: A paper on "The Ethnology of New Georgia, Solomon Islands, based on Personal Observations during the Visit of *H.M.S. Penguin*." (Lantern slides from photos.) By Lieut. R. T. Somerville, R.N.
- THURSDAY, November 26, 8 p.m. Institution of Electrical Engineers: A paper on "The Telephone Trunk Line System in Great Britain." By J. Gavey Member.
- FRIDAY, November 27, 5 p.m. Physical Society of London: Special General Meeting. Paper on "Apparatus for Giving Diagrams of the Efficiency of a Photographic Shutter." By Capt. Abney, F.R.S.
- SATURDAY, November 28, 4 p.m. The Elizabethan Stage Society: Shakespeare's play, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."
- SUNDAY, November 29, 4 p.m. Sunday Lecture Society: "Subjects of the Sultan: Personal Experiences Among the Various Races Inhabiting the Turkish Empire" (with oxy-hydrogen lantern illustrations). By Arthur Dickey, Esq.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1896.

No. 1281, New Series.

SOME REMARKS ON PLOT AND DIALOGUE.

GREAT astonishment is felt in literary and theatrical circles because so-called original plays are no longer the vogue. If a manager would succeed he must direct his attention to dramatic versions of the novel. The phenomenon is spoken of as a new thing. But, as a matter of fact, no serious play has ever yet been regarded as a masterpiece, or found a profitable speculation, which was not based on some well-known and accepted story, either in history, tradition, or romance. I say a serious play, because, in the case of a farce, plausibility is not looked for. The impious word inevitable (which should never be applied to the works of God or the imagination, and which has meaning only with regard to problems and results in what are known as the exact sciences)—the word *inevitable* is not used by the critic—even the least accomplished critic—where a comedy is under consideration. In a comedy we do not stop to wonder whether it was "inevitable" that Mrs. Millamant should curl her hair with love-letters; whether it was "inevitable" that Sir Peter Teazle should call on Joseph Surface on the same day, and at the very hour, that Lady Teazle also visited him. The situation has been tried again and again. It is so diverting, that many of us would shed tears of blood if we felt that, owing to the unavoidable and constant presence of Nemesis in the stalls, we should never again be permitted to see that symbolic game of hide-and-seek carried on between the doting husband and the inno-

cently naughty wife. But, when we go to a serious play, we sit like jurymen at a trial, and ask ourselves at solemn intervals whether this phrase or that action is or is not "inevitable." The dramatist has to hold a brief, as it were, for every character in his piece; the hero and heroine are always on their oath. We want to hear all the dates and compare all the journals and read all the letters. We are determined not to be such fools as we look. We are not going to swallow this, that, or the other. We understand women far better than Mr. Pinero or M. Dumas. It is not for them to invent a woman who can deceive us. The great point in Art is not what *they*—with rare insight—have observed, but what *we* know. Nor is this sceptical attitude of mind peculiar to our own generation. It is the everlasting characteristic of every creature, whether emperor or clown, who takes a seat at any form of entertainment. But when Aeschylus and Sophocles and Euripides wrote for the stage, they chose plots which had outlived criticism, which had been received for generations. Shakespeare, Jonson, Corneille, Racine, Goethe, and Victor Hugo did not attempt to invent fresh stories and make them reasonable. The thing is not to be done in the time at a dramatist's command. The whole question is one of time—nothing else. It is impossible to make a moving history absolutely clear in (say) four scenes of (say) thirty minutes' duration. A bald statement of facts is not dramatic; it leaves no opportunity for emotional dialogue, and emotional dialogue is, before all things, what people wish to hear. Soliloquies are now considered childish. (What a help they were in the days of great poets and simple plans!) Soliloquies, we are told, are artificial. People do not think aloud, nor do they confide their schemes to the atmosphere. In vain does the student ask what we should know of Iago, but for his uttered meditations. That is begging the question, and we are not Elizabethans. The Elizabethans were—and then somebody gets down somebody's little handbook on the Old Dramatists (a matter of ten minutes' reading), and finds out what, after all, the Elizabethans were. One thing is clear. The Victorian must despise their methods. What, then, is he to do? The novelist may publish three large volumes of fine print telling innumerable good reasons why his heroine must "inevitably" commit suicide, and his hero "inevitably" enter a monastery. If Fielding had not explained Blifil so well, who would have accepted Sheridan's one complex character—Joseph Surface? It is the originality in Congreve which made his best play fail. He has condensed whole chapters of psychology into one epigram—whole family histories into

one pithy speech. The public would have none of it, and the public were right. They could not think so quickly. Why, then, should a dramatist worry himself by inventing new problems—to be solved by false and arbitrary rules—when so many grand stories, constructed and explained with a simplicity beyond man's art—even at his highest—remain either forgotten or, worse, evilly told by vulgar and desecrating or merely foolish minds? Why does not Mr. Pinero try his hand at an adaptation? Why does he not take a page from the old chronicles or from some good romance? There was never at any former time in England such a craving for beauty in all its manifestations as there is at present. Beautiful language is seldom heard, and few authors now have the power of writing it; but beauty must be somewhere in our plays; and, in order to cover the poverty of the dialogue, our greatest artists are asked to design the scenery, and the actors are clothed in raiment more dazzling than the most extravagant monarchs have, at their gaudiest, presumed to wear. So far from quarrelling with this appetite for beauty, I share it. A bad play well mounted and acted is more impressive than a good play badly performed in dull surroundings. The dancing and music were a most important element in the representations of Greek tragedy; and the fact that Shakespeare's plays were given without scenic advantages but reminds me that his verse fills the imagination with such glowing images of all that is lovely and desirable that the environment in which it is spoken is of little consequence. We do not wait for the real singing of a real lark (especially trained) before we can feel that it is time for young Montague to say farewell. The most delicate harmonies are a vulgar interruption after those matchless lines—

"That strain again! it had a dying fall:
Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odour. . . ."

Yet, to be honest, who would sit through *Macbeth* in a barn when he could see *Hamlet* at the Lyceum? The stage versions of Shakespeare's plays are but another form of dramatised novel. The difference between *King Lear* as it was last given, and Mr. Rose's adaptation of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, is one of degree—not of kind. Certain striking scenes were taken from two popular works: the plot was familiar: everyone knew why everything happened: everyone knew the expurgated soliloquies and explanations. And this brings us back to my starting-point. We are not founding a new school. We are doing precisely what has always been done by successful playwrights

and managers of experience. We choose favourite volumes from our library, and cast them into dialogue. Dialogue, I take it, should be a *symbol* of real conversation. (The best recent example of this, so far as the stage is concerned, may be found in the first three acts of *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*.) The passions are better expressed in poetry; the sentiments, in prose. But, unfortunately, we have but few masters of speakable prose, and no dramatic poets. Of unutterable prose (graceful enough in its way) and pleasing verse we have as much as is convenient. Dialogue—both in the drama and the novel—has therefore become—at its most vivacious—a verbatim report of domestic tittle-tattle and domestic brawls. It is crude and without art. It is not language—it is slang. (Language is the meaning, the *thought* underlying slang.) And this, as I have said, is dialogue at its most vivacious point. At its best we have the pretty occasional scenes in Charles Reade and the brilliant talk in Disraeli and Meredith. (Why does no one dramatise *Diana of the Crossways*?) But neither Disraeli nor Meredith appeals to the elocutionist. Their characters are themselves accomplished actors. We see a play exquisitely performed as we read of their sayings and actions. Meredith is to us what the Théâtre Français is to France. The difference between his touch and Sheridan's is the difference between Watteau and Hogarth. This is our dialogue at its best. At its worst, it is a mixture of false sentiment and tawdry rhetoric. And yet we have the happiest tongue in the world. Greek cannot be more simple, Latin is not more stately, no Frenchmen have been wittier than our epigrammatists, Italy cannot show more musical love-songs. But our young critics cry for the "convincing" phrases of the law-court witness and the "inevitable" conclusions of the philosophical detective.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

BROWNING IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE new Browning probably owes its origin to the vagaries of copyright. None the less, the two comely volumes (soon to be compressed into one, with the assistance of India paper), with their commentary, superfluous or inadequate as you chance to think it, shall serve to mark something of a turning-point in the history of the poet's reputation. The moment, indeed, is fast approaching when we may be able to sit down in a calm hour and determine with judicial impartiality that nice critical problem of what Browning really was and what he means for con-

temporary letters. That other problem of what he is going to mean for posterity, we may cheerfully consent that posterity shall solve. Hitherto we have swung each other pretty soundly with "pros" and "cons." But from that tomb in Westminster Abbey a great peace has spread itself. The howls of the obscurantists are hushed in hoarseness. The babble of injudicious praise, more damaging still; that, too, is well-nigh silenced. The great Round Table of the Browning Society is dissolved. But we do not propose on this occasion to attempt a contribution towards the ultimate summing-up of Browning. We desire rather to make some reflections more immediately suggested by the appearance of the new edition. Two volumes for seventeen is indeed a considerable change. The event should, we think, be in the greater democratisation of the poet. Not that he is likely, now or at any time, to be taken straight to the great heart of the democracy in the more usual sense of the term. The people may be capable, perhaps less in England than elsewhere, of appreciating poetry, provided it is robust enough, and simple enough. But Browning, certainly robust, is rarely simple. His thought is too subtle and too full of hiatuses, his scholarship too familiar and too obscure, for the many; nor has he the necessary directness of social and political appeal, as Shelley perhaps might have had, as Morris, in certain moods, seemed to wish to have. The poet of the people, of the new social order, will doubtless come, but he has not come yet. But besides the democracy of the streets there is the democracy of letters, which is the educated young. And for the suffrages of these, as they enter, ardent and impressionable, upon their heritage of books, a poet might well be glad to stand *candidatus* in the market-place. Browning already moves them much: he should now move them more, in that he is the more accessible. It is better to browse through the cool pastures for yourself, than to munch the chopped hay, however sweet, of another man's selection. There are libraries, of course—public libraries and college libraries and friends' libraries. But even young enthusiasms and lean pockets do not always make it possible to read poetry in a borrowed volume. In spite of this, however, we suspect that for the last ten years it has been by students, and especially by girl-students, that Browning has been most loved. His poignant lyric note calls to their awakening souls as the nightingales of Verona called from the pomegranate trees to young Juliet. Nor need we wish them a better master, one more helpful in the forming of ideals and the sharpening of intuitions, one more able to light the flame of those intense and tolerant

sympathies that arise not from a blurred judgment, but from an enlarged imagination. He is a force that makes for righteousness, this Browning, as well as for beauty. Above all he is a force. Those of us who, perhaps, read him more seldom than we once did, are none the less conscious how dynamic he has been, how much of his own thought and feeling he has insisted on weaving into those multi-coloured webs we call ourselves. Strenuous and tender of soul, he is of that stuff of which men and women are made. He has help to arm us for the battle, and at times of need we still find in him a reserve of spiritual strength and spiritual consolation. A widening horizon, no doubt, renders us less blind to his occasional defects of temper and technique, to his turn for the paradoxical in sentiment and the grotesque in design, to his impetuous rejection here and there of those conditions of language and of metre which, after all, it was his business to submit himself to and to transcend. But how little all this affects the main debt we owe him. We are willing to take him with his limitations; for has he not rubbed the rust off religion, and made love seem a lovely thing, and labour not the curse of man, but rather the minister of love and the extreme felicity of life? We must be content, then, and more than content, that it is he and not another who is to be the hierophant of the generation that follows ours. The choice, if we think upon it, is a matter of no small importance, for is it not clear that the youth of to-day, of both sexes, scholars and sceptics, will expect a prophecy from their poets, and will give to the writers who lift for them the veil of the higher world that measure of spiritual confidence which, with a singular unanimity, they decline to bestow upon the priest?

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

II.—JOHN KEATS.

SEVENTY-FIVE years have passed since Keats died and this picture was painted. But of him who wrote the odes to the Nightingale and the Grecian Urn we never think as belonging to any definite period. Neither he nor his poetry has to do with time. He might have lived and sung in London yesterday; he might have lived and sung with Theocritus in Sicily. His work is undated and imperishable—the shrine of Beauty elemental and ageless. Unlike most poets, Keats was never drawn into the swim of literary or social life. His thoughts soared. He drew from the world sustenance and such sympathy as it could offer him, and that was all; he was never "of" it. Hence the unimportance of his-

The Complete Works of Robert Browning. In 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

torical facts concerning him. We prefer to think of him as a wonderful visitor who alighted on the earth as by accident, tarried a while to taste mortality, and so retired to the clouds; leaving, out of pity to his hosts, a message from his own abode—a few gleams of the true light. So do Birds of Paradise leave feathers in their wake. We know, as it is, little of Keats; we should know less were it not for Joseph Severn, his friend and the painter of this picture. Severn was no great artist, but his pen now and again had the inspiration denied to his brush. He writes thus of Endymion's eyes: "They were like the hazel eyes of a wild gipsy maid in colour, set in the head of a young god." "In his bodily self," he said again, "Keats was a melody of humanity." The accompanying portrait shows Keats in his room at Wentworth-place, in John-street, Hampstead. The house still stands, but is now called Lawn Bank. Severn painted from memory two years later. After that morning in 1819, he wrote, when he called on the poet and caught the idea of the picture, Keats "lost his cheerfulness, and I never saw him like himself again." In the autumn of the next year, Keats and Severn left for Rome together. In February of 1821 Keats died, aged twenty-six.

"He dwelt with the bright gods of elder time
On earth, and in their cloudy haunts above;
He loved them, and in recompense sublime,
The gods, alas! gave him their fatal love."

Severn survived his friend sixty-eight years. They now lie side by side in Roman earth.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE large number of letters that we have received from readers old and new, added to the kindly manner in which the ACADEMY has been spoken of in the columns of our contemporaries, entitles us, we think, to consider that the reforms that have been instituted are to the public mind. On looking through the press notices in a mass, we are struck by their unanimity in welcoming the promise of alertness and actuality. We shall endeavour to sustain that promise. Among our private critics opinion is divided upon the question of anonymity. But here, we might remark, we are ourselves in both camps. We intend to append signatures to articles expressing personal sentiments, and to reviews written by specialists.

THE forthcoming Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy will consist exclusively of works by the late Lord Leighton.

IN an article entitled "The Lyric Poets of Greece," which appeared in the ACADEMY last week, based upon Mr. Francis Brooks's

Greek Lyric Poets, the name of the publisher, Mr. David Nutt, was, we regret, unfortunately omitted.

WITH the publication of the third volume of *The Principles of Sociology* Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" comes to a close. In a preface, at once touching and dignified, Mr. Spencer reviews his great labour.

"On looking back [he writes] over the six-and-thirty years which I have passed since the 'Synthetic Philosophy' was commenced, I am surprised at my audacity in undertaking it, and still more surprised by its completion. In 1860 my small resources had been nearly all frittered away in writing and publishing books which did not repay their expenses; and I was suffering under a chronic disorder, caused by over-tax of brain in 1855, which, wholly disabling me for eighteen months, thereafter limited my work to three hours a day, and usually to less. How insane my project must have seemed to onlookers, may be judged from the fact that before the first chapter of the first volume was finished, one of my nervous breakdowns obliged me to desist."

MR. SPENCER CONTINUES:

"But imprudent courses do not always fail. Sometimes a forlorn-hope is justified by the event. Though, along with other deterrents, many relapses, now lasting for weeks, now for months, and once for years, often made me despair of reaching the end, yet at length the end is reached. Doubtless in earlier years some exultation would have resulted; but as age creeps on feelings weaken, and now my chief pleasure is in my emancipation. Still there is satisfaction in the consciousness that losses, discouragements, and shattered health, have not prevented me from fulfilling the purpose of my life."

These sentences have a ring unfamiliar in our fevered, exorbitant days, when the diurnal achievements of most of our literary workers are shouted in the market-place. Charles Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer form a notable contrast to the hectic, hurried side of contemporary literature.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE will contribute an article on current French Literature to the December number of *Cosmopolis*, and Lady Blennerhasset an article on Italian Literature. A story in German—"A Shot in the Night"—from the pen of Herr J. J. David, will appear in the same review.

THE late Mr. Sala's *Commonplace Book*, from which he drew so much curious lore and so many apposite allusions and parallels, is now being prepared by Mrs. Sala for publication. The original volumes will be presented to the British Museum. Mr. Sala was more arid of facts even than Southey.

DR. K. LENTZNER will deliver a lecture on "Literary Style," before the Royal Society of Literature, at 4.30 p.m., on Wednesday, December 2. The chair will be taken by Mr. E. W. Brabrook, the vice-president.

MR. H. S. NICHOLS, of Soho-square, informs us that he has become the purchaser of the late Prince Louis Lucien Buonaparte's Philological Library.

ANOTHER of the London daily papers has this week added a literary section to its other regular features. Henceforward the *Morning Post* will publish every Thursday a page of reviews, paragraphs, and announcements of new books.

THE *Chronicle* makes the interesting announcement that Count Tolstoi, having lately read Mr. Edward Carpenter's remarkable work, *Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure*, has expressed his intention of translating into Russian the chapter entitled "Modern Science." He has never, he says, read "anything so strong and so true about the thing which is called 'Science';" and it must be given to his countrymen because "it is so necessary for so many people."

LORD ROSEBERRY's views on the meaning of "symposium" have been already noticed, we trust, by Dr. Murray. In his speech last week at the Edinburgh Students' Symposium he inquired a little into the significance of the word.

"Of course," he remarked, "we know all about Plato; or perhaps we don't. And, of course, we know that if anybody wants to get a particularly dull article inserted in a magazine he calls it a symposium about something." This, however, did not exhaust the subject, and Lord Rosebery passed to the German use of the word. "The symposiums of German students," he continued, "consist in the consumption, as I understand, of oceans of beer, followed by indiscriminating duels." These definitions deserve a place with the Pickwickian "Swarry."

IN this connexion, while remarking on new meanings to words, we might quote from a correspondent of last week's *Spectator* a conversation that actually occurred:

"Verger (to lady visitor, pointing out his colleague): 'That is the other werger, mum.'
"Lady: 'Oh, I thought you were the only verger.'
"Verger: 'No, mum; he werges up one side, mum, and I werge up the other.'"

ANOTHER new periodical is promised in *The New Century Review*, which has for subtitle "A Monthly International Journal of Literature, Politics, Religion, and Sociology." The projectors do not intend, they say, to compete with the other reviews so much as to supplement, and, if possible, extend their important educational work. Judging from the list of contributors, social questions seem likely to receive sound attention. The price of *The New Century Review* will be sixpence, and the first number is to be published on December 18.

THE name of the author of the felicitous quatrain written for the monument of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg at Balmoral is not made public. The lines, which are in the metre of "In Memoriam," run thus:

"Brief life, in sport and war so keen,
Mourned by these winds in heath and fir,
As where the falling breakers stir
The palms that crown thy closing scene."

Rarely are inscriptions of this nature so suitable and distinguished.

IN the course of an interview, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who has just returned from his tour in America with Mr. Barrie, expressed his surprise at the very few young literary men—men in age from twenty-five to thirty-five—whom he saw during his travels. "Practically all the recognised American authors," he says, "range in age from forty-five to sixty." Another point he noticed was the need of machinery to introduce American writers to England, similar to that which so successfully introduces English writers to America. Dr. Nicoll himself hopes to be remedial in this matter. It is, however, extremely likely that whatever of good is produced by American writers does speedily and inevitably reach us. We were not long, for example, in hailing Miss Wilkins.

THE current number of *The Book Buyer*, just to hand from New York, is mainly eulogy of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Barrie. *Sentimental Tommy* has a firmer hold of the American public even than of the English; sentiment is less popular here. *The Seven Seas* naturally has fewer readers, since a story is ever preferred to a poem; but Mr. Kipling's fame extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In *The Book Buyer*, Mr. Kipling's new poems are criticised by Mr. E. C. Stedman.

IN one of the articles devoted to Mr. Barrie, we find the record of a number of his opinions, expressed in conversation, on current literature. Some have singular interest:

"I think [he said] Kipling's *Man Who Would be King* is the best short story in the English tongue. Conan Doyle is one of my delights, and I have been a little surprised that you don't seem to be as fond of Quiller-Couch, for instance, as we are. There is something most fascinating to me in his stories; and, in fact, I like almost everything he writes. He does a great deal of critical work, you know, and that is always admirable, I think. It has always seemed to me that, since Stevenson left England, 'Q' has been the man to whom we looked for a certain sympathetic quality in work: the attraction is there—it's not easy to put it in words."

MR. BARRIE, after touching on Stevenson and living American writers, comes again to his English contemporaries:

"Among our own younger writers [he continued] I especially like Maarten Maartens. (I always think of him as an English writer, for he writes in English, you know.) There is a man who writes with the highest ideals—his work is thoroughly conscientious always. A young English writer who seems to me full of promise is H. G. Wells, and Kenneth Grahame is another. And let me add a word about Harold Frederic. I think his *Illumination* (as it is called in England) a very fine novel. He said once, at a dinner in England, that he looked on me as his literary father. I am proud of my son. He wants me to teach him Scotch."

FINALLY, let us quote Mr. Barrie's estimate of his young fellow-countryman who writes under the pseudonym of Benjamin Swift, the author of *Nancy Noon*: "It is a great deal to say," he remarked, "but I really

believe that in a few years he will be one of the best-known novelists in England." We congratulate Mr. "Swift."

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS publishes to-day a book entitled *Napoleon's Opera-Glass*, by Mr. Lew Rosen: a work which gives us Napoleon in a new light—as critic and patron of the drama, the friend of playwrights and players. The idea first occurred to Mr. Rosen when, as private secretary to one of the ambassadors at Paris some years ago, he had access to letters and archives that have never been much examined.

THE Library Committee of the Court of Common Council have just granted to Mr. W. J. Harvey, the antiquary, the rare privilege of access to the records of the Corporation of London for historical purposes. The last person to receive the like permission was, we believe, Lord Macaulay.

THE story of the late Sir John Millais, which follows, is told by a correspondent of the *Chronicle* in the painter's own words:

"I found myself seated one evening at a rather grand dinner next to a very pretty gushing girl to whom I had not been introduced. She fired into conversation directly she had finished her soup, and as it was May, began with the inevitable question, 'I suppose you've been to the Academy?' I replied that I had. 'And did you notice the Millais?' Didn't you think they were awful daubs? I can't imagine how such things ever get hung! —' She was going on gaily in the same strain, while I sat silent, when suddenly the amused smiles of those round her, and the significant hush, brought her to a sudden stop. She coloured rather painfully, and whispered to me in a frightened voice, 'For heaven's sake, what have I done? Have I said anything dreadful? Do tell me.' 'Not now,' I replied; 'eat your dinner in peace, and I'll tell you by and by.' She did so, rather miserably, vainly trying to extract from me at intervals what the matter was, and when dessert came I filled up her glass with champagne and told her to gulp it down very quickly when I counted three. She obeyed without protest, and I took the opportunity when she couldn't speak to say, 'Well, I am Millais. But let's be friends!'"

THE taste for literature in East London increases steadily. The Bethnal Green free library now contains some 30,000 volumes, and the *West Ham Library Notes*—a copy of which lies before us—records encouraging progress in that district. We gather, however, from the following little scrap of information, that literary skill does not always accompany literary interest. "In the lending library the other day," it runs, "the following quaint unpunctuated note was received: 'Dear sir kindly send me a book in exchange for my wife.'"

MESSRS. KEGAN, PAUL & Co. are about to publish a collection of Crimean reminiscences, which ought to be of peculiar interest. They take the form of a diary kept during the Crimean campaign by the late General Sir Charles Windham, who held an important command at the Redan. This diary is re-enforced by letters written by the General to his wife and friends at home, and the whole has been edited by Major

Hugh Pearse. Sir William Howard Russell contributes an Introduction full of personal reminiscences of General Windham. At the time of the taking of the Redan, Windham's strategical policy was somewhat severely criticised, and this book will be found to clear up many of the questions which then excited military circles. There will be a portrait of the writer, and plans of the various battles drawn roughly by himself.

FROM an advance copy of the thirteenth annual report of the Scottish Text Society, which is to be presented at the meeting on the 27th inst., we gather information of a forthcoming publication of considerable interest:

"Some time ago" [says the report] "Lord Amherst of Hackney came into possession of a MS. of the New Testament supposed to be in Scots. On the request of Lord Lothian, President of the Council, Lord Amherst took the MS. to the British Museum for examination. Dr. Murray, the editor of the English Dictionary, who has kindly given the society his opinion on the subject, has no doubt that this MS. is a Scottish version of Wycliffe's translation. From specimens of the version submitted to Dr. Murray he concludes that it may date from 1500 or about that year. The MS. contains, besides the text of the New Testament, an Introduction to each book and a long Prologue to the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. Appended are 'Epistles of ye Auld Testament quhilk ar red in the Kirk apone certain dayes of ye zeir,' over forty in number. Lord Amherst has very kindly consented to the publication of the MS. by the society, and the council has resolved to issue the work to the members. The transcription of the MS. has been begun by Mr. Hughes-Hughes of the British Museum, and it will be edited by the Rev. Dr. Walter Gregor."

THE next volume of the New Irish Library, edited by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, will be published in a few days by Mr. Fisher Unwin. *Bishop Doyle: a Biographical and Historical Study*, is the title of the work, and the author is Mr. Michael MacDonagh.

ONE does not quite know whether to commiserate with gallant little Wales on her immunity from the attentions of the provincial school of novelists, or whether to congratulate her. Possibly she has been sitting by and sulking while Miss Barlow was re-discovering Ireland, and Mr. Barrie and "Ian Maclaren" were exploiting Scotland; possibly she has not. Any way, her escape is now cut off. Mr. Stock informs us that he is about to publish a volume of sketches of Welsh village-life in the last generation, written "on the lines of Mr. Barrie's Scottish tales." The title is *Gwen and Gwladys*.

MESSRS. LUZAC & Co. will publish at an early date *The Mystic Flower Land*, a work on China, by Mr. Charles J. H. Halcombe, late of the Imperial Maritime Customs, China, and author of "Tales of Far Cathay." The volume will be illustrated by numerous reproductions from photographs, and several coloured pictures.

In a letter to the *Worcestershire Chronicle*, the Rev. G. M. Franklin, Rector of Ripley, Bruce County, Ontario, writes as follows concerning Thomas Carlyle's sister:

"Mrs. Robert Hanning, the 'Janet Carlyle' of Froude's *Reminiscences* (my much-beloved mother-in-law), is keeping in excellent health for a lady who passed her eighty-third birthday on July 18 last. She is now the last of the Carlyles, and a melancholy interest attaches to her. Her present residence is at Comely Bank Farm, near Oakville, in Halton County, Ontario, the home of Mrs. John R. Leslie, her eldest daughter. . . . She passes most of her time in her own room, re-reading many of her brother's works, certain favourite religious authors, and her Bible."

MR. ANDERSON GRAHAM's novel, *The Red Seam*, will be published next week by Messrs. Longmans & Co. It is a study of rustic border-life, before railway trains or cheap trips were invented; when the people still kept their "merry nights," and other observances; and cocking and ratting and badger-baiting were amusements of rich and poor. How far Mr. Anderson Graham has succeeded in making a vivid transcription of this varied life we shall be more qualified to say on a future occasion.

A CONTEMPORARY asks very pertinently if Mr. Quiller Couch is not ill-advised in taking the title *Poems and Ballads* for his new volume.

"Not," it says, "that there can be any property, literary or commercial, in these simple, necessary words; but for this generation, at all events, the mere ring of the syllables must recall Mr. Swinburne."

This is so. With "Poems" as a title no one can quarrel; and a glance at the British Museum catalogue will show how many writers have employed it; but no sooner is another word allied to it than complications begin. Mr. Quiller Couch is inventive enough to find a more characteristic title.

BEFORE deciding upon so important a step as removal into larger premises, the directors of the Authors' Club, now situate in Whitehall-court, are inquiring into the views of individual members. An answer is asked from each to the two following questions: "Are you in favour of moving? In what quarter of London would you wish the future club-house to be situated?"

THE popularity of Messrs. Macmillans' Peacock Novels, with their very charming pictures, has produced rivals. From a new firm of publishers—Messrs. Service and Paton—we have received the first of a series of half-crown illustrated reprints of standard fiction. *Jane Eyre* leads off, and *Esmond* and *Hyppatia* are to follow immediately. Charlotte Brontë's story has the assistance of Mr. F. H. Townsend's pencil, but we cannot consider the drawings equal to his best work. The extraordinary merit of some of his illustrations to Thomas Love Peacock is hardly approached; nor is the printing of the blocks as sharp as it might be. The general appearance of the book is honest and attractive.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"SIDNEY'S SISTER, PEMBROKE'S MOTHER."

London: Nov. 16.

May I be allowed to protest against a sentence in the article on "Ben Jonson's Lyrics" in your issue of November 14? Of the famous epitaph on Mary Lady Pembroke, the writer says, "It is impossible to believe, in spite of any evidence, that these verses were not written by Jonson." The mere *ipse dixit* cannot be allowed to decide the question, especially when it is remembered that the rival claimant for the poem was in many ways hardly less great than Jonson himself. What is the evidence? To me, as to Mr. A. H. Bullen, it appears "convincing" for William Browne of Tavistock. The lines were not printed as Jonson's during his lifetime. They are not found in the collection of *Underwoods* discovered among his papers at his death. They were first ascribed to him as late as 1756, by one Peter Whalley, LL.B., who said that they were "universally assigned to our author." There is no corroboration for this statement. The lines had twice appeared in print before—anonously in Osborne's *Memoirs of King James* (1658), and also in the *Poems of Lord Pembroke and Sir Benjamin Rudyard* (1660). This book, uncritically edited by the younger Donne, contains many poems which are certainly neither Pembroke's nor Rudyard's. Browne's claim is primarily based on the facts that the poem appears with his name appended in a MS. of the middle of the sixteenth century at Trinity College, Dublin, and that it is included in the collection of his miscellaneous pieces in Lansdowne MS. 777. In both places it has a second and much inferior stanza, as follows:

"Marble piles let no man raise
To her name: for after days
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb."

We have also the direct testimony of Aubrey in favour of Browne's authorship. A passage from the *History of Wiltshire*, to this effect, is frequently quoted, but while turning over the Aubrey MSS. in the Bodleian the other day I came upon a further memorandum on the subject.

"An Epitaph on the Lady Mary Countesse of Pembroke, in print somewhere, by Will Browne, who wrote y^e Pastoralls (whom Will. Earle of Pembroke preferred to be Tutor to y^e first Earle of Carnarvon [Dorset], which was worth to him 5 or £6,000. He bought £300 per annum land from old Jack Markham.)"

This is followed by the first stanza only of the epitaph. Perhaps Mr. Hazlitt is right in his conjecture that the second may have been added by the Countess's son, Lord Pembroke; but on the other hand the inability to sustain his pitch is very characteristic of Browne. Mr. Gordon Goodwin, in his *Muses' Library* edition of Browne's poems, mentions another striking bit of evidence. In some lines to the Countess's grandson, Lord Herbert of Cardiff, Browne

himself claims to have written an epitaph upon her. He says:

"And since my weak and saddest verse
Was worthy thought thy grandam's herse,
Accept of this!"

Against all this array of evidence, what have we to put? The subjective certainty of the writer of your article that old Peter Whalley was right! Now, I would ask him, "Is that certainty anything more than the effect of his habitual association of the lines with Jonson's name?" To me, splendid as they are, they do not appear particularly Jonsonian. Jonson has brave qualities, but the neatness, the music, and the easy flow of the epitaph could only spring from one of his rarer moods. And if proof is required that Browne could come within measurable distance of such work, I would ask attention to the following:

"IN OBITUM MARITAE SUAE.

"May! be thou never graced with birds that sing,
Nor Flora's pride!
In thee all flowers and roses spring,
Mine only died."

Surely one can conceive that the man who wrote this might have flamed forth, for once, into the greater poem.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Brighton: Nov. 15.

The writer of the interesting article on "Ben Jonson's Lyrics" in your last number, in quoting the famous epitaph, "Underneath this sable herse," avers that, in spite of any evidence to the contrary, it is "impossible" to believe that any one but Jonson wrote the poem in question. It is now, I believe, a generally accepted fact that it is the work of Browne. That he is in any way the poetical peer of old Ben, I should be the last to pretend. But the claims of the author of *Britannia's Pastorals* and Keats's master, merit, surely, no small consideration. To cite the evidence in support of his authorship of the epitaph is merely to recapitulate that adduced by Mr. Gordon Goodwin and Mr. Quiller Couch. The principal points are as follows. The poem does not appear in any edition of Ben Jonson until that of 1756. Aubrey, in his *Natural History of Wiltshire* (circa 1660), assigns it to Browne; and in a MS. belonging to Trinity College, Dublin, which dates from the middle of the seventeenth century, it is signed "William Browne." As tradition is Jonson's only title of claim, and as what I have quoted in support of Browne's is by no means exhaustive of the evidence to be produced in its favour, your contributor will, no doubt, see that the "impossibility" in question is hardly conclusive. Σ.

DUBOIS' TIMBUCTOO.

London: Nov. 16.

In the notice of this work in last week's ACADEMY it is stated that since Bart's visit no one has reached Timbuctoo and returned to tell the tale, except M. Dubois. The writer has evidently overlooked the

expedition of Dr. Oscar Lenz, the well-known African traveller, who, in 1879, resided three weeks in the place, and wrote a big book on the subject (*Timbuctoo, Reise durch Marocco, die Sahara und den Sudan*; 2 vols.; Leipzig, 1884; 2nd ed., 1892). The oversight is the more remarkable, that there is a French translation of this work, issued in 1886.

In the same notice the writer states that "Jene was built by no Negroid race, but by the Songhois, who migrated from Egypt across all the Sudan 1200 years ago." The Songhois (read *Songhay*, pronounced *Sourhay*) are, however, a distinctly Negroid people of Negro speech, true aborigines of West Sudan, though ranging eastwards to Asben. The tradition of a migration from Egypt arose from the story of a mythical Zâ el-Yemeni, who is supposed to have passed from Arabia (Yemen), through Egypt to Sudan, where he founded the Songhay kingdom about 600 A.D.

A. H. KEANE.

DRAMA.

IS it a paradox that while actors and actresses are in the public eye and the public mouth, and are socially *bien vu*—if one may say so without snobbishness—to a degree they have never achieved before, their art should be declared very much on the wane? I speak of England exclusively, of course. The greater fame or notoriety is explained by the Press and the vast increase in the number of playgoers. The social question ought not to arise, no doubt: it should be a matter of individual qualities. But it is absurd to pretend that English society is governed by the rational principle of exclusive regard to personal qualities: it is notorious that it is not so; that people are courted socially for reasons that should be socially irrelevant, and that among other people eminent actors, *quid* eminent actors, are in some demand. A broadening of view has influenced the matter in two ways mutually operative: in a wider social inclusiveness, and in the attraction to the stage in larger numbers than formerly of people of education and breeding. One remembers, no doubt, names of players of past ages who were socially in request. In the more artistic England of the Stuarts Kynaston was a favourite of Court ladies, and Betterton went with his wife to Whitehall. But they were rare exceptions; nowadays the inclusiveness affects a considerable number. Very well—the matter is somewhat tiresomely trivial—let public eminence and social favour be granted, is the art on the wane? And if it is, as it is commonly asserted, is the coincidence a paradox? Frankly, I think not. The English upper and "upper-middle" classes—there is something strangely delightful in this last expression—are, if you except a small section, composed of a peculiarly solid and timid respectability. It is an excellent feature, and I am sure the clever people who abuse it would miss it terribly, were it to disappear, as a background to gayer things. But I am also sure there is something in it inimical to the art of acting.

BUT however all these things may be, there is no question whatever that if the art of acting has not declined, it has altogether changed its method. The school of "natural" acting has revolutionised it. At the first, an essential of the art was declamation. That was a necessity: the conditions of presentment, the throng of young bloods on the stage, the shrill orange-girls in the pit, the raucous brawlers—all this made declamation imperative. As these conditions changed, and as—in my firm belief—the English grew less imaginative and generally duller, a demand for "natural" acting, for the repetition of the familiar, grew and grew. It has been supplied, even to its logical conclusion. For there seems to be a prevailing impression that a stage manner which would be unnoticeable in a drawing-room is all the art of acting. I think that more causes than those I have named have contributed to this effect—some of them would take the searcher rather deeply into national character and habits—in any case, I find the effect exceeding stupid. Frankly, do not you? "Natural" acting, when it is really acting, may be delightful. Mr. Charles Hawtrey, being an actor and understanding the subtle points of his art, is delightful. But the crowd of amiable young men and women who are nothing but smiles and *chiffon* and patent-leather—is it not too dull for words? The older style lingers, possibly in a debased form, in melodramas, and that is one reason why they are dear to me.

I AM far from denying that we have several excellent actors and actresses on our stage. I think I should lack the courage if I had the belief. But they are—almost without exception—so far influenced by modern conditions of their art, and also of character generally, that their ability is mainly for comedy. It is, therefore, a little awkward that there are no contemporary comedies for them to play in. It is a truism to say that Sir Henry Irving is at his best in comedy. The same is true of Mr. Alexander, of Mr. Tree—can one think of any eminent actor of whom it is not true? For my part I can think only of Mr. Herbert Waring, who has a genuinely tragic force, and who is something lacking in humour. We have several capable and delightful actresses, but are they not all at their best rather in comedy than in pathos? I say pathos because we have more frequent examples of this than of tragedy in a full sense. I risk heresy and expect support in affirming it even of Miss Ellen Terry. The fact is that the tone of the modern world requires suppression of all signs of feeling, and a determined cultivation of superficial satire and "cynicism." And eminent actors and actresses, as I said, live much in the world. I do not mean, of course, that to be a good actor of tragedy an actor needs to be, in private life, a man of tremendous passions and boiling feelings. That is absurd, and all tradition is against it. But I think that a private atmosphere which negatives all expression of feeling must make that expression on the stage extremely difficult. And I wonder if

we should appreciate that feeling, were it to see? I wonder very much.

As a slight illustration of the latter point, I noticed at the Lyric the other evening, where "The Manxman" was being played, that the occasional glimpses of humour in the unfortunate Pete, and the general idea of humour in the character of an old hypocrite, the father of poor Pete's wife, seemed to meet with a more genuine response than Pete's heroism, and manliness, and generosity, and pathos. The applause in the latter instances was, to be sure, loud enough, but my impression was that it was less ready than the occasional laughter. As for the play itself, it is not, I think, a good one. When I read the novel I thought that the sentiment—somewhat, so to say, a little too showy and hollow for much pleasure in reading—would serve very well in melodrama. But there was really too much of it. A rapid douche of sentiment is very well; to wallow in it for hours is wearisome. That wonderful Pete! His rollicking camaraderie, his loyalty, his honesty, his simple wisdom, his tenderness, his great sack of virtues! And the worst was that there was no bold villainy for a foil to him. The villain, Philip, was mean enough for anything, but he was a feeble, shilly-shallying, melancholy villain. His frankly debauched cousin, Ross, was sympathetic in comparison. Mr. Wilson Barrett's Pete had enough skill and rather too much colour. Miss Maud Jeffreys was charming throughout, and acted well in the earlier part of the play. The Philip was quite bad, I am sorry to say.

THE only other event to chronicle is the production of Mr. Malcolm Watson's "Haven of Content" on Tuesday afternoon, at the Garrick. A play for players. It is cleverly constructed, and the dialogue is adequate, but both plot and dialogue were somewhat remote, now and then, from the workaday world, a fact of which I should be the last person to complain in any play; it is, however, rather more appropriate to an idyll than to a sort of sentimental satire, as was "The Haven of Content." It was very creditably acted; nobody being very remarkable, but almost everybody working with carefulness and skill.

THE sole production—so far announced—to which one looks forward very much is Miss Elizabeth Robins's production of "Little Eyolf" at the Avenue, on the afternoons of the 23rd to the 27th. It is certainly of the most interesting of Ibsen's plays, and as certainly caviare to the general. A curious play—made up of emotional realism and of a vein of symbolism. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's part of the Rat-wife is only a few lines, but they are effective lines. Miss Robins will be the Asta and Miss Achurch the Rita. The men's names are less familiar to me; I hope the best of them. Neither Allmers nor Borgheim is an easy part for a conventional actor. Master Stuart Dawson, who is distinguished among stage children—that irritating race—for exceptional cleverness, will be Little Eyolf.

G. S. S.

MUSIC.

MR. HENSCHÉL no longer styles his concerts "The London Symphony," but merely "Henschel Concerts." The change is a sensible one; on the inside page of the programme-book, however, the old title is still retained. Brahms' Symphony in C minor, No. 1, has long been a favourite of Mr. Henschel, and he conducts it in an able and sympathetic manner. But I do wish he would not show so clearly how much he enjoys the music; he has able men under him who do not want rousing up like the men in Bishop's chorus. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Henschel made his *début* as a conductor in this symphony, and his love for it has not in any way cooled down; this is, however, not surprising, for the work is truly great. Smetana's Symphonic Poem, "Richard III.," did not prove a very interesting novelty. The programme-book informed readers that the composer left "no notes explanatory of the meaning of the music." And these notes failing, I had to content myself with those of the music, but confess that the impression I received was most indefinite, and therefore unsatisfactory. Mr. Henschel and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies sang a delightful duet from Goetz' "Taming of the Shrew" which set me, and probably many others, wondering why that opera has been shelved for so many years. Mlle. Adele aus der Ohe played Liszt's Concerto in E flat with great taste and refinement. The work does not suit her; she ought to give a recital and show what she can do with Beethoven, Schumann, and, if I mistake not, especially Chopin.

THE Palace concert on Saturday afternoon must not be forgotten. Mr. Manns lingers somewhat too lovingly over the beauties of the Andante of the Unfinished Symphony, but for all that he gave a remarkably fine performance of the work. Mr. F. Cliffe conducted the Violin Concerto which he wrote for the recent Norwich Festival; the solo part was fairly well interpreted by M. Tivadar Nachez. The music is thoroughly good, for the most part attractive, but never great. M. Vincent d'Indy's "Enchanted Forest," produced at this concert, I shall presently notice in speaking of M. Lamoureux.

DVORÁK'S Symphonic Poem, "The Water Fay," was the novelty at the Promenade Concert in the evening. The composer has revealed the programme of his music, but it is so unpoetical, that, in spite of all his clever handling of themes and striking orchestration, the end comes as a relief; one is all the while speculating as to what

particular stage in the story the music is illustrating. Tone-poems are frequently unsatisfactory. Smetana, for instance, gives no programme, and Dvorák too detailed a one. The latter with his "baby" music would almost seem to have furnished a brilliant caricature of the ultra-realistic tendencies of some modern composers. But I fear he was in earnest. Even Beethoven, in spite of his wise canon, was tempted to write the "bird" and "storm" music in the "Pastoral." Mr. Wood gave an exceedingly fine rendering of Dvorák's difficult work, and also of the Overture to Goetz' opera already mentioned.

M. LAMOUREUX'S programmes contain standard symphonies, favourite Wagner excerpts, and various French novelties. I think he might have given a little more of Berlioz and a little less of Wagner. Of the latter composer's music the conductor is an enthusiast, and his readings are interesting; but he cannot hope to rival Richter—French music, however, he conducts to perfection, and an important work by the great French master would have been particularly welcome. The name of César Franck on the first programme excited curiosity, but it was disappointing to find that only the Symphonic Prelude to the second part of his sacred Cantata "Redemption" was to be given. If Franck is as great a composer as his pupils assert, then he should not be introduced in this scrappy fashion. But to make matters worse, the description of the music in the programme-book did not tally with the version performed, so that confusion reigned supreme. I therefore defer notice of the composer until I have heard his Symphony in D on Thursday afternoon.

M. VINCENT D'INDY'S Symphonic Legend, "The Enchanted Forest," was the novelty on Tuesday. The composer, who studied for some time under Franck, has written several works of large proportions. At his first visit, M. Lamoureux introduced an excerpt from d'Indy's "Wallenstein," which was bright, clever, and effectively scored. *La Forêt Enchantée*, after Uhland's ballad, "Harald," is programme music of a reasonable kind; the poem gives sufficient clue to the varying moods of the music, and one troubles little about the details of Harald's adventures in the forest. I would not say that it is an inspired composition, but it contains such thoughtful subject matter, skilful workmanship, and particularly picturesque orchestration, that one feels favourably impressed towards the composer. A most finished rendering under M. Lamoureux deserves special record. Mr. Manns, as mentioned last week, was actually the first to give it.

M. LAMOUREUX played Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony on Monday, and Schumann's in C on Tuesday. In these works he, of course, challenges direct comparison with other eminent conductors, notably Mr. Manns and Richter. I admired to the full the fine tone of the players, the wonderful *ensemble*, the effective manner in which the orchestra was grouped, also the life, freshness, and refinement of the readings; still, the Frenchman does not come up to the high level of the conductors named. Richter in Beethoven, Mr. Manns in Schumann, are greater than Lamoureux. The first movement of the "Pastoral," and the Scherzo and Finale of the Schumann, were the most satisfactory. There was a certain perceptible effort to make points in the Beethoven which robbed especially the second movement of some of its reposeful beauty. And then the opening movement of the Schumann was given at too rapid and excited a rate; the composer marked it *Allegro ma non troppo*.

I MUST refer generally next week to the programmes of Wednesday and Thursday, but would now add a few lines about César Franck's Symphony in D, performed for the first time in England on Thursday afternoon. The work was produced at the Paris Conservatoire only the year before the composer's death, and, therefore, probably represents a late period of his artistic career. It has no *opus* number. In form the Symphony follows to some extent the old classical lines, yet it differs from them sufficiently to give to the music a certain independence. Uncommon is the word which best describes the music; for though certain influences may be traced, it has a distinct *cachet* of its own. The first and last movements, perhaps, impress one more by their interesting developments and effective orchestral colouring than by the actual subject matter; in this case, however, I feel first impressions to be highly dangerous. The middle movement, a curious and clever amalgamation of slow movement and Scherzo at once makes its effect. The attempt to reduce the number of movements of a Symphony from four to three deserves special note. The general tendency of modern composers is to add rather than the reverse. By the way, was not the *Muss es sein?* motive of Beethoven's last Quartet in F running in the composer's head when he penned the principal theme of his Symphony? The work, which occupies in performance nearly three-quarters of an hour, was most admirably interpreted by M. Lamoureux and his gallant men. The French conductor deserves the best thanks of English musicians for introducing to their notice a Symphony of more than passing interest.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

THE completion of Mr. Herbert Spencer's life-work on the system of synthetic philosophy is a cause for congratulation not only to himself but to the nation. The nation, as a whole, may not appreciate it at its full worth, but for those who have understanding it will ever remain as a great memorial of study, and a valuable contribution to the classics of the world.

MR. SPENCER'S position in the modern evolutionary series has never been strictly defined. He is of it, and at the same time above it. In the *History of Evolution from Thales to Huxley*, however, by Edward Clodd, which Mr. Grant Richards is shortly to publish, we understand that a somewhat startling fact will be for the first time brought to light. This is no less than a demonstration, backed by documentary evidence, that Mr. Spencer had anticipated the evolutionary theory of Darwin and Wallace, as applied to living and non-living organisms, by at least a year. Whether this statement will revive the fierce controversy about priority remains to be seen.

THE Royal Society medals have this year been awarded as follows:—Copley medal: Prof. Karl Gegenbaur, of Heidelberg (author of the *Grundriss der vergleichenden Anatomie*), for his researches in comparative anatomy and the history of the vertebrate skeleton; Rumford medals: Profs. Lenard and Röntgen, for their investigations of the phenomena produced outside a highly exhausted vacuum tube through which electrical discharge is taking place (the so-called cathode and X rays); Royal medals: Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., for contributions to geology, and Prof. Vernon Boys, for the invention of quartz fibres and other extremely delicate measuring implements associated with his name; Davy medal: Prof. Henri Moissan, the famous French metallurgist, for researches into the treatment of refractory metals in the electric furnace and for the isolation of fluorine; Darwin medal: Prof. Grassi, of Rome, for important discoveries on matters relating to Darwinian speculations.

THE names of Profs. Lenard, Röntgen, and Moissan, all of whom have come much before the public during the past year in connexion with their researches, invest this list with an unusually wide interest. The work of Mr. Vernon Boys, though less well known, is equally calculated to attract popularity. As an experimenter he is almost unrivalled for exquisite delicacy of manipulation and ingenuity in contriving delicate instruments, as evidenced by his successful demonstrations of the speed of rifle-bullets and the air-waves they created.

As announced a week or two ago, the list of those recommended for election into the Council of the Royal Society for 1897 does not contain the name of Lord Rayleigh among the secretaries. In his place Prof. Arthur Rücker is proposed. For the rest the officials remain unchanged, but on the

council as a whole there is a perfect inundation of new blood. The following list of new members constitutes the entire council, with the exception of six: Prof. Grylls Adams, Prof. Clifford Allbutt, Prof. R. B. Clifton, Mr. Thiselton-Dyer, C.M.G., Prof. Ewing, Prof. Greenhill, Prof. Meldola, Prof. William Ramsay, Lord Walsingham, and Prof. W. F. R. Weldon. It is a highly representative selection, if a little over-weighted with professorial attributes.

It is not the least of the points of difference between this earth and the planet Mars, that the acutest observers of the latter are those who see double. The so-called canals of Mars, first described by Schiaparelli, have almost all revealed themselves, at one time or another, as double lines enclosing a space, a fact which leads Mr. Lowell, of Arizona, and other prominent observers of Mars, to suppose that the visible lines are due to vegetation along the banks of the canals, the waterways themselves being invisible. This sounds plausible enough, but the calculations as to size rendered possible by our proximity to the planet open up some points of difficulty. The space between the visible lines is in many cases from 150 to 200 miles broad, and it is almost as inconceivable that the Martians should require a duplicate system of canals so relatively close together, as it is that the canals themselves should be of such an enormous breadth. If they be, what, we wonder, is the size of the shipping in Mars, and where would be the naval supremacy of Great Britain?

ANOTHER puzzling point about these markings on our nearest planetary neighbour is that the "oases," or junction points of the canals, are not infrequently doubled also. Reason can supply an explanation for the doubling in the case of the straight lines, but not in that of the round spots at which they meet. Beyond the possibility of a doubly refracting atmosphere, like Iceland spar, it is difficult to suggest any way in which a visible patch 250 miles in diameter could suddenly double itself and become two such patches side by side. Yet many observers have noted the occurrence of this phenomenon, and the telegram received last week from M. Flammarion, to the effect that the familiar "Trivium Charontis" (formerly known as "Oudemans's sea") had suddenly adopted the double appearance as seen from his observatory at Juvisy, added nothing to our general knowledge. It is tantalising to see so much and understand so little of what goes on in Mars. Mr. Francis Galton, in his *Fortnightly* article, takes up the view, decidedly flattering to ourselves, that these gigantic operations are designed as signals to the earth, based upon an elaborate Morse code. If so, Mars, with superior telescopes, might regard our railway systems as replies.

NOBODY seems to have known anything about Prof. Koch's mission to the Cape until that gentleman had actually landed in this country. There are English bacteriologists quite competent to investigate the

cause of rinderpest, and, indeed, all the important work on the subject done up to now has been done by Englishmen, so that there must be some cryptic reason for the employment of two German savants which has not yet come to light. The *British Medical Journal* hinted that an invitation from the Cape had been previously sent to our own Government and declined, in which case the more shame to our own Government. On the other hand, the *Pall Mall Gazette's* account of the matter was that Dr. Koch was sent by Germany on its own initiative; a likely enough suggestion, but apparently unfounded.

THE loud-speaking telephone has been a *fait accompli* for some time past, and may be seen or heard ~~any day~~ at a certain office in Westminster. From the point of view of practical utility it will probably achieve about the same measure of success as Prof. Gray's "Telautograph," which is not saying much. The record for telephonic communication on the grand scale is held by Chicago, which, during the recent celebrations to commemorate the great fire, suspended a gigantic transmitter over one of the principal thoroughfares, and allowed the cheers of the procession and the brass bands to be heard simultaneously in all the great cities of the Union.

THE Royal College of Physicians has decided, not unwisely, to include a study of bacteriology in the course to be followed henceforth by medical students. The proposal when first made called forth a great deal of opposition and was regarded as revolutionary; but in face of the leading position which germ culture now holds as a means of diagnosis, and also as bearing upon the etiology of diseases, the change could not rationally have been delayed. Nobody expects the already hard-worked student to busy himself with original researches among unknown bacteria, but it would be absurd for him to remain ignorant of salient facts and methods to which even the newspaper reader now turns for explanation of certain well-known morbid phenomena. Without this elementary knowledge it is impossible to understand, or to treat scientifically, most of the commoner forms of disease.

SPEAKING of bacteria, the medical journals report that Mr. Hankin, who has been for some time engaged in studying the cholera epidemics of India, has succeeded very ingeniously in winning the native priests over to his side. Playing down to their belief in the mischievous operation of Kali, he showed them under the microscope the innumerable hosts of agents through whom the goddess worked, and demonstrated by what observances and charms (disinfectants) their activity could be frustrated. It should be mentioned that Mr. Hankin finds in the ancient rites observed during cholera outbreaks a genuine idea of enforcing cleanliness and isolation by means of religious authority, and his purpose has been to foster this so far as it tends towards real utility, and to amend it where it does not.

H. C. M.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

THE meeting in the Guildhall, in support of the establishment of a Cambridge House for South London, may deservedly be regarded as the chief event of the present term. The Bishop of Durham's eloquent appeal to Cambridge men will not easily be forgotten:

"If any love for Cambridge, if any faith in Cambridge, if any knowledge of the temper of Cambridge students gave weight to his words, he did most confidently ask them to strengthen one another according to their powers, and particularly in inspiring devotion to the service of their fellow men."

Not less striking was Mr. Balfour's enthusiastic address to "the young men of Cambridge of to-day." Altogether it was a notable meeting, and the success of the Bishop of Rochester's project is now assured. It was resolved that the generous offer of the Trinity Settlement Committee should be accepted, and that a committee should be appointed to confer with them for the re-organisation of Trinity Court as a Cambridge House, and its administration upon the proposed basis.

Of less general interest was Dr. Swete's public lecture on "The Bull *Apostolica Cura*." The Regius Professor's pronouncement has been published by Messrs. Macmillan & Bowes.

"For the moment," he concluded, "isolation seems to be the lot both of the English nation and of the English Church. There are worse things than isolation. It is better than an unsound or perilous alliance; it may even develop resources and powers which an alliance, or the hope of an alliance, might have crippled or wrecked. . . . Rome has spoken her last word, and has spoken in vain."

The specially appointed Syndicate is hard at work on its report to the Senate with reference to the admission of women to the University. The report is being eagerly awaited by all parties. The best friends of the women's cause are anxious that the women should not wreck their chances by a fool-hardy attempt to win full membership of the Senate. They will be acting wisely if they accept, with gratitude, whatever is offered, leaving greater concessions to the future.

Before long the University may feel itself called upon to establish a diploma, for external students, "implying definite courses of work to be accomplished partly through the Local Lectures and partly through the Local Examinations, especially the Higher Local." Mr. R. D. Roberts, secretary for Local Lectures, urges this in his report to the Local Lectures and Examinations' Syndicate, and a suggestion has been made that a new degree (e.g., "A.A."—i.e., Associate in Arts) might be found more serviceable than a mere certificate or diploma. If its prestige were maintained, it would be sought after by many deserving students, more especially women students, throughout the country.

The appointment of Dr. Ryle, of King's College, Hulsean Professor of Divinity, as President of Queens', has given great satisfaction; it was understood that his

election to the vacant Headship should not necessitate his resignation of the professorship. The finances of Queens' College are not in a flourishing condition.

The sad intelligence has reached the University of the death of John Edward Gray, B.A., scholar of King's College, Harkness Scholar, aged 22 years; he died on November 8, on his arrival at Naples, whither he had gone to occupy a University table at the Zoological Station. The term has been saddened by many losses, none sadder than this.

Y.

PARIS LETTER.

FOR the past month the world of letters here has been almost exclusively occupied with the correspondence of Victor Hugo and George Sand, and promises for some little time to think of nought else. There was first George Sand's letter to Puggello, which carried off the respectable *Temps* in an hour or two like a flame. Then came the correspondence with Musset after the famous disaster of Venice, and now in the new number of the *Revue de Paris* we have George Sand's letters to Sainte-Beuve. Curiosity is further gratified by the publication of Victor Hugo's correspondence with Sainte-Beuve.

Nothing can be more mournful, more ghastly, than this reverse of the medal of the most brilliant period of the romantic literature of France in the thirties. The morals of its creators were, alas! so intolerably below the standard of their works, whereas to-day we have such gruesome reason to lament a contrary state of affairs. Those whose youth has been fed upon the vague generosity and magnanimous passion of George Sand, will grieve for these hideous revelations that shatter a splendid, if tarnished, ideal. Who is the better for knowing that this woman of genius divided her time between literature and *liaisons*? The celebrated trio, Sandeau, Musset, and Chopin, we knew of and forgave; but when it comes to ten authentic lovers, and the heroine of these adventures writing of each in the high, inflated style of sentimental maidens enamoured of the ideal, one feels that the limits of toleration have been reached. Her heart was, as Liszt—one of the band—called it, *an omnibus*, adapted for public claim and the carriage of many. In one of her letters to her lay confessor, Sainte-Beuve, she shows herself in middle life to have retained quite an abnormal *naïveté*. Surrounded as she was by a galaxy of literary genius, herself the foremost, she could not admire the book or poem of a new writer without being instantly seized with a wish to become the author's mistress. Alfred de Musset won her by a poem; Mérimée captured her with a *nouvelle*; and so on *ad infinitum*.

But deception and disenchantment cannot blind us to the fact that there are many beautiful, many remarkable passages, in these letters, the publication of which is an affront to the commonest instinct of loyalty and honour. It is of documentary

value to discover that Musset was not above an audacious appropriation of George Sand's ideas, not even re-clothed in his own language. The most famous and admired passage in that charming comedy, "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour," is copied textually, without the alteration of a single word, from one of her letters of advice to him after the rupture. And throughout the incredible disorders of her life, one sees at every turn that inexhaustible kindness which made her such a delightful and lovable old woman shine like hope through the miserable obscurities of passion. She was essentially sincere and naïve, even when she lied, as, alas! she often did. To Sainte-Beuve she writes: "As for the sincerity of my soul, for the more or less of strength and virtue it has preserved in the course of my sad life, these are delicate matters, only to be appreciated by two or three friends. . . . I must feel that, near or afar, two or three noble souls walk through life, sustaining me by their good wishes and their sympathy. They are the brothers and sisters I shall find in the bosom of God at the end of the pilgrimage!"

To turn from George Sand's astonishing correspondence with Sainte-Beuve to Victor Hugo's with the same great critic, is to turn from sensational and declamatory sentiment to a glimpse of pure suffering nobly borne. Whether or not it was indiscreet to have published these letters, there can be no doubt that they are an enormous gain to Hugo—to the man's reputation. They reveal him in youth as something greatly noble; as a gentleman of a knightliness so delicate and chivalrous as to surpass even our ideal of perfect manhood. Every line of these touching letters to the friend who loved his wife are prompted by a fineness, an exquisiteness of nature, rarer than the greatest genius. Hugo may have been spoiled afterwards by literature and politics, but these letters prove that in youth he was most magnanimous and unpractically romantic. Fancy a heart-broken young husband writing to his rival: "I know for a certainty that it is possible for her who has all my love to cease to love me!" And again: "Let us be indulgent to one another, my dear friend; I have my wounds, you have yours," and that splendid effacing phrase at the end of an invitation to the house—"1830 is passed!" The last letter of all, written after a magnanimous effort to return to the old life, breathing the word of inevitable farewell, reaches the extreme of beauty and generosity.

What attention the loves of George Sand leave the cultivated world to bestow elsewhere is given to M. François Coppée's really admirable book, *Le Coupable*. It is a virile and brave attack upon the father's neglect of his illegitimate offspring, and that monstrous institution—the penitential school for abandoned childhood. What one admires in M. Coppée's Quixotism is its freedom from maudlin sentiment. It is not in the least decorated. The story is told in an excellent, homely style, and is hardly a work of art so much as a work of strong and sincere feeling.

H. L.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A WORD ON WINDOWS.

THESE are the days, or rather the evenings, when the bookseller's window blooms like the rose of Sharon. Let us say it is Hatchards' in Piccadilly. The moment of the meeting lights has come, and the gas-jets are alive, though only children have noticed the lamplighter stealing through the throng. And suddenly life goes with a lilt. Women wear the tinge of their best health, and their errands seem prosperous. It is never so easy to be happy as in this hour of walking and tea-drinking, that is neither of the day nor of the night, neither stolen from the strenuous hours nor infected with the fever of the later ones. And the eye, quick to be pleased, is aware of the soft glow of morocco bindings, the medleys of coloured frontispieces, the brown of photographs, the twinkle of gold designs and letterings. By day the bookseller's window is somewhat hard and cold. But in the evening, paper gets a little warmth, and parchment bindings that were chilly at noon please by their restful and moderate whiteness. Where there is colour it is hearty as well as bright. Now, too, the books become individualised, spiritualised; and the passer-by, done with the cares of the day, is not indifferent. He crosses the road, or descends from a bus, to read and covet, and, if he be wise, to purchase. For as the astrologers bade their clients gather herbs under the favouring planet, and in an exact hour, to gain their full virtue; so if you buy a book in this hour, you shall have a memory as well as a book.

They may not philosophise thus at Hatchards', but the result is the same. The familiar double window that glows nightly opposite the Albany shows you how desirable are sumptuous books—books on birds, richly illustrated in colours, or the histories of racehorses, or the annals of the hunts, and all costly books of travel and family history, and all honest tomes honourably printed and bound, for which ancestral shelves are waiting. That is the note of Hatchards' window, and a good and heartening note it is in the grey of a November evening.

Now at Denny's, in the Strand, the same hour is magical, but the circumstances are different. Here all the world dallies, coveting all kinds of books. The Strand is still in the throes of business, and here in the little bay behind the Church of St. Mary, and at the foot of Newcastle-street, you look at books and magazines in a medley and a Babel. You wedge yourself between the hungering book-tasters, who crowd the outside counters piled with the magazines, the shilling books, the sixpenny books, the manuals, the text-books, the guide-books, the year-books, the newest and cheapest Shakespeare or Walt Whitman, the books of Renan in their shilling translations, the Canterbury Poets, the reciters, the keys to etiquette—everything that, when bought, can be pushed unwrapped into your overcoat pocket. Around the corner, in Book-

sellers'-row, the elect books rise in order and quiet; the sets of Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott in calf and morocco, the new biographies and art-books, and the novels that are being talked about. In one window there is a Minor Poets' shelf, on which you are sure of seeing all that is slim in binding and precious in design. The gas-jets are the making of the scene, which is gay and interesting, and seductive to a degree. And while you scan titles, or compute your silver, you will be conscious of a roar as of many waters, a diapason accompanying the piping book-chaffer. It is never absent in the evening, and it gives a quality to the spot. Should you turn from the spell of the books to seek its source you will find that it is the voice of the newsman who stands at the corner of Newcastle-street. He is both the Nestor and Stentor of his craft. These twenty years he has exerted his tremendous voice, tremendous still. But the well lighted windows, and the books waiting for owners, are the focus of it all. One realises that when a bookseller illumines his windows at twilight he lights a beacon beneficent and cheering to foot-weary and brain-weary men.

BOOK SALES.

THE following tables show what books have been most in demand in various places during the past week or fortnight:

ABERDEEN.

FICTION.

Kate Carnegie. Ian Maclaren.
Sentimental Tommy. Barrie.
Sir George Tressady. Mrs. Ward.
The Grey Man. Crockett.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Archbishop Magee.
Aberdeen Awa? Local Sketches. Geo. Walker.
Bible Characters. Whyte.

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Shakespeare (Bliss's Edition).
New Ballads. Davidson.
The Seven Seas. Kipling.

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Carlyle's Works, Centenary Edition.
Boswell's Johnson, 6 vols.

DUNDEE.

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The Grey Man. Crockett.
Soldier Tales. Kipling.
A Stormy Voyager. A. S. Swan.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Richard Cameron. By John Herkless.
Life of Lockhart. A. Lang.
Charlotte Brontë and her Circle. C. K. Shorter.
Jewish Life in the Middle Ages. Israel Abrahams.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

The Seven Seas. Kipling.
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From Batoum to Baghdad. W. B. Harris.

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Literary Shop. J. S. Ford.

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FICTION.

Sir George Tressady. Mrs. H. Ward.
Sentimental Tommy. Barrie.
Soldier Tales. Kipling.
Kate Carnegie. Ian Maclaren.
Casa Braccio. F. M. Crawford.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The Story of My Life. A. S. C. Hare.
Life of Archbishop Magee.
Fridtjof Nansen. Translator, W. Archer.
Might Have Been. Dr. Parker.
History, Church of England. Wakeman.
Life of Lockhart. A. Lang.

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Burns. Clarendon Press Edition.
Shakespeare's Sonnets. Temple Edition.

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F. V. DICKINS, M.B., B.Sc., Registrar.

November 14th, 1896.

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The ANNUAL MEETING of the SCOTTISH TEXT SOCIETY will be held in DOWELL'S ROOMS (No. 13, 18, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, on FRIDAY, 27th NOVEMBER, at 4 p.m.

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TO AUTHORS.

Blaisdell Self-Sharpening Pencil.**MOST INGENIOUS THING OF THE HOUR.****What the Editors say:****"TRUTH," August 15th, 1895.**

There is no limit to the ingenuity of the Americans in improving upon the ordinary paraphernalia of daily life. The other day I found my office table provided with a set of new editorial pencils—red, blue, and black. Being struck by something unusual in their appearance, I made enquiries and discovered that they represented the latest Yankee notion in lead pencils, the lead being mounted in a stick of tightly-packed paper instead of wood. The paper is laid on in layers, and the advantage of the arrangement is that when the point is broken or worn down, you tear off one layer of paper, and a new and perfectly symmetrical point is instantly produced without any further process of sharpening. This is called the "Blaisdell" pencil, and if Blaisdell is the inventor, I hope he may make a fortune out of it.

"THE QUEEN," August 10th.

New self-sharpening pencil. At first sight it does not appear to differ from the ordinary lead pencil, but on closer inspection it will be found that the lead, instead of being cased in cedar, is contained in a compressed paper covering so tightly rolled as to resemble wood in appearance and in hardness. When the pencil requires sharpening, all that has to be done is to break the outside layer of paper with a penknife or even a pin, take hold of the strip thus disclosed, unwind a few turns, and pull the strip off, when the lead appears ready for use. It will at once be seen what an improvement this is upon the old laborious process of pencil sharpening, and how much less extravagant with regard to the consumption of the lead, which cannot snap off when thus treated.

"WESTMINSTER GAZETTE," August 10th.

Has the death day of the cedar pencil arrived? It may be so. At any rate, the Blaisdell self-sharpening paper pencil is an ingenious innovation. In appearance this American new comer is like our old friends, but the place of the wood is taken by tightly-rolled paper wound in short strips, the width of each strip being marked down the side of the pencil by a slight perforation. When the pencil gets worn down one of these strips is torn off, and in this way a fresh piece of the lead is made available. It is decidedly an ingenious idea.

"BLACK AND WHITE," August 10th.

The "Blaisdell Self-Sharpening Paper Pencil" is a remarkably smart contrivance. The lead is encased in paper, which can easily be unrolled when a fresh point is required.

"THE LADY," August 8th.

A self-sharpening paper pencil does not sound a very promising invention, but anyone who becomes possessed of one of the Blaisdell variety will acknowledge at once that it is a very ingenious little article. These pencils need no knife to sharpen them, as, by simply tearing off a little roll of paper at the end, a new point appears. They are made in black, red, or blue, for office work, and are well worthy of a trial.

"LONDON MORNING LEADER," August 8th, 1895.

The ordinary black lead pencil in its wooden case if of good quality does not promise much scope to the inventive genius thirsting to discover a real improvement, but a clever American firm from Philadelphia have a design in lead pencils that deserves popularity for its ingenuity. The lead is as usual, but round it is wound a thin strip of paper to the ordinary pencil thickness and slightly notched at intervals, so that a small portion can be removed at a time as the lead wears down, producing an ever sharpened pencil, always in working order. The new device is known as the "Blaisdell Self-Sharpening Paper Pencil."

"THE EVENING NEWS AND POST" (London), August 10th.

One of the latest inventions that tend to make literary life better worth living is the Blaisdell Paper Pencil, brought out by an enterprising Philadelphia company. Penknives, blackened thumbs and unparliamentary language when the point snaps short at an important moment are now at a discount. All that the writer or reporter has to do is to insert a pin in a spot indicated on the pencil stem, and, lo! a little roll of paper unfolds like a diminutive shaving, or a released curl, and a fresh all ready sharpened point appears to gladden his eyes and stimulate his harassed brain.

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